

# **The Other World Dining Hall**

— Isekai Shokudou —

**- Volume 6 -**

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**[ fox's coffee time ]**

# Chapter 101

## Hamburg Steak Once Again



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In a coffee shop located at a shopping area, Yamagata Saki confirmed her resume.

(—Okay, this should be fine, I guess.)

She made sure that there was no mistake, exhaled and put the resume inside an envelope.

Last week... while she was preparing for her coming-of-age ceremony, her grandmother Koyomi who lived in her parents' house came to talk to her, and told her that she could be hired as part-time kitchen helper.



*TN: Coming of Age Day is a Japanese holiday held annually on the second Monday of January. It is held in order to congratulate and encourage all those who have reached the age of majority (20 years old) over the past year, and to help them realize that they have become adults.*

She had heard that she would be interviewed during a “day off”, but unless there’s a problem, she heard that she would pass.

(...My first part-time job, huh.)

During the age of 20, Saki would experience her first part-time job.

Studying was a student’s main duty. She had promised her father long ago who thought that it was outrageous to neglect education for part-time job.

She would be allowed to take part-time job at her uncle’s restaurant as long as she could get the necessary credits for her compulsory subjects until her second year, and after adulthood, she could take responsibility for her actions.

(Un. It’s fine. Oji-san’s restaurant has good reputation.)

Saki was already a college student.

She had a friend that had done plenty of part-time jobs, and there were also friends, regardless of gender, that worked at her uncle’s restaurant back when they were in high school.



Her friends said that “The hourly wage is cheap, but the food is delicious. It’s also nice that we can buy things at the cake shop with cheaper prices due to employee discount.”

It’s quite old, and it’s not a restaurant where girls of her age would go with her friends or for a date, but the food was delicious.

It seemed to be a good place for Saki to accumulate “training”.

(If I’m going to be a cook, I have to work at a restaurant.)

She drained her cola and stood up with new determination.

It was Saki’s dream to be a chef and have a restaurant of her own.

She liked to cook ever since she’s a kid, and since her dual income parents often came home late, she started to cook ever since she’s in elementary school.

She liked to make new dishes she had never made before, and she also liked to find ways to make her cooking even more delicious, her cooking skill was something that she had raised with great effort.

Starting from when she was a junior high school student whose great-grandmother that couldn’t cook at all living together with her family, she would be given food expense separate from her pocket money and she would use it to buy food ingredients, and during high school, she would give her parents “bento made by their beloved daughter”.



That's why for Saki, working at a restaurant was an important step towards her dream.

That's why to persuade her father, Saki worked hard to fulfill his conditions and managed to obtain his permission.

[Okay, let's go.]

During early lunchtime of "Saturday", Saki walked into the restaurant's building with great determination.

There was a restaurant at the basement of a building with a signboard of winged puppy just 3 minutes away from the coffee shop.

Western restaurant Nekoya.

That place was Saki's first step towards her future.

[This place is oji-san's restaurant... just like what Koyomi obaa-chan said.]

She admired the restaurant that she had heard many times before from her great-grandmother from the general overview of the street.

There was a signboard stating that "Closed Today" just next to the door with the cat picture, but since she could feel the presence of person from the other side, her uncle should be inside.

[If I'm not mistaken, it's this key.]

She took out the key given to her by Koyomi during her coming-of-age ceremony.

It was said to be a duplicate key for this door, so she should be able to enter even if it's a holiday.

(I was already told that it's going to be fine, but is it really?)

Thinking such, she unlocked the door.

'Kacha', the door was unlocked.

[Excuse me. Sorry to disturb you.]

'Chirinchirin', Saki said so as she went through the door, and then she stiffened.

(...E? Today, isn't it a day off?)

A bright room, a smell of various dishes, and customers inside the room. She looked around the inside of the room and noticed.

(Eh? Why are they all dressed like a fantasy world?)

Looking at the inside of the restaurant, there were customers with swords hanging from their waists, people who wore sparkling dresses, and people dressed in Arabian clothing, people she wouldn't see normally. Besides, most of the people were obviously not Japanese.

(...Is there a cosplay party here or what?)

It was what she concluded.

[Ano, welcome to Western restaurant Nekoya.]

She heard a voice from nearby and turned around.

Standing there was a girl that seemed to be a high school student.

She was obviously not Japanese, her blonde hair was not dyed.

And she had an unusually designed black hair ornament that looked like horns or something.

Since she was wearing a waitress uniform with a cat picture on the apron, she assumed that she was an employee of this restaurant.

Perhaps she was a foreign student at one of the universities.

[Aa, thanks. Your Japanese is really good... but I'm not a customer though.]

[E?]

For the time being, she judged that there's no mistake that she was an employee of this restaurant and explained the situation to her.

[Err, I was told to be interviewed during the regular day-off by my uncle... is the owner here?

[Etto... please wait a moment.]

After tilting her head, the girl went to the kitchen to convey Saki's words.

(A, thank goodness. It's really oji-san.)

When she saw her uncle who looked the same as when he came for New Year's greeting, she was a little relieved.

[Saki-chan!? Baa-chan didn't say that you're coming!?)

[Etto...?]

When she heard so from her uncle, she was confused.

Apparently, her great-grandmother didn't warn her uncle that she was coming.

Perhaps it's related to the situation inside the restaurant today?

[Maa, oh well. I'll explain the details, but I'm busy right now. Please wait for a while. Feel free to order something, I'll treat you today.]

While she thought such, her uncle guided her to a seat and said his proposal while giving her a glass of water.

[E? Is that fine?]

[Ou. This is a restaurant after all.]

Her uncle nodded to her question.

[...I understand.]

Saki thought about it.

It's a bit late in the afternoon right now, but it would be nice to eat something.

If she thought about it, she didn't know her uncle's skill.

According to her great-grandmother, it seemed that he was "as good as Daiki", but she didn't know her great-grandfather that well.

(I want something that can show oji-san's skill. Then...)

After thinking a little, Saki decided.

[I'd like Hamburg steak. With rice.]

A staple Western cuisine. In addition, it's something that required considerable skill to make.

[Okay. What about the sauce?]

Apparently she could choose the sauce in this restaurant.

[Etto... how about Japanese style?]

[Aa, is it okay to include shiso?]



[Yes, that's fine.]

Saki chose her favourite sauce.

[Okay, I've received your order. Please wait a moment.]

After responding, her uncle retreated to the kitchen.

[Well then, excuse me, etto, Saki-sama.]

After that, the waitress bowed her head and went to attend other customers.

(Anyway, there sure are many strange customers here.)

After the two people went away, Saki looked around the room.

Although old, this place was well-maintained and the customers gathering in this restaurant with calm atmosphere seemed strange in her eyes.

(Although they spoke in Japanese, they don't seem to be Japanese, and where did they



get such clothes?)

Some were eating by themselves, while some were chatting with other customers while eating.

The uncommon thing was not the food, but it's strange when the customers with foreign facial structure and clothes spoke in Japanese.

(Koyomi obaa-chan said that "it's changed a bit, but it's a nice restaurant so it's fine" but this is...)

She was a bit worried while she drank the lemon water, but then her meal came.

[Thank you for waiting. Here's your Japanese style Hamburg steak.]



Drifting from the meat sizzling on top of the iron plate was a burning fragrance of meat, the scent hit her stomach directly.

On top of the meat was sauce made from mixing ponzu<sup>1</sup> sauce, grated radish and chopped shisho leaves.

It was garnished with the standard French fries and boiled carrots.

The steaming rice and miso soup placed near its vicinity stimulated her appetite.

[Well then, please enjoy... I think I can make some time after making the omelet, so please wait for a while.]

After that, her uncle returned to the kitchen.

(Omelet? ...Oh well.)

The restaurant had its own circumstances.

As soon as possible, Saki picked up a pair of chopsticks and clasped her hands together.

[Let's eat.]

Her friends laughed since it was strange, but she would be restless if she didn't do it, and then she immediately reached for the food.

She had to eat food deliciously.

That was the teaching of her great-grandmother that took care of her in behalf of her busy parents.

Indeed, it was only her great-grandmother that ate her cooking properly even if it's unsuccessful.

...Indeed, it helped to raise her cooking skill to where it was now.

She liked to eat food, just like she liked to make food.

[A, so soft...]

First of all, without the sauce.

While thinking so, Saki stabbed her chopsticks into the steak.

Saki felt expectation when her chopsticks sank into the meat.

The Hamburg steak was soft. It was not the sticky softness of half-cooked minced meat, and it was not overcooked.

(...Un. It's cooked properly.)

Seeing the cross-section of the grey meat flowing with meat juice, she was convinced while she brought it to her mouth.

(...A, it's delicious.)

Pork, beef, salt and pepper.

The Hamburg steak, which was probably made from common ingredients, was delicious.

She tasted the meat and its meat juice, feeling the slightly coarse texture of the minced meat. It was not original, but it was made with care.

Saki was fond of this taste.

(Un. The rice and miso soup are properly cooked.)

She ate the meat with rice and miso soup.

Properly cooked rice decided the restaurant's fate. The rice she's eating now was plump.

The rice grains were not mushy, nor were they wet.

The miso soup felt like that the umami from bonito and kelp was extracted properly, and no ingredients were overcooked.

(It's diligently made, un.)

Even though she cooked for herself, Saki also liked to eat out using some of her living expense ever since she entered university, and she liked this place.

She liked it as a customer, and it was delicious enough to the extent that she wanted to eat here sometimes.

(Well then, next is...)

The other dishes seemed delicious as well, so maybe she would come again as a customer.

While thinking about such, she ate the Hamburg steak with sauce now.

The grated radish provided a bit of bitterness, complimenting the refreshing acidity of ponzu sauce and saltiness of soy sauce.

The umami of soup stock was mixed in a little.

Also, the refreshing flavor of shisho lingered slightly in her mouth making the thick Hamburg steak easier to eat.

(Un, I should eat this with rice.)

She cut the meat apart with chopsticks, ate the rice, drank the miso soup and went back to the steak.

Only for this time she forgot that she was planning to get hired here and the strange customers, Saki was enjoying herself as a customer.

[Excuse me, This place, is it possible to refill rice?]

[Yes, it's fine. Rice, bread and soup are refillable. Would you like to refill your soup too?]

[Yes please.]

She nodded with a smile and her request was brought immediately.

—Un. This place is good. I don't mind being employed in uncle's restaurant that serves food like this.

While enjoying the remaining Hamburg steak with her second serving of rice and miso soup, Saki secretly decided.

This restaurant was suitable to polish her cooking skill.

...After that, it was a few minutes later when Saki screamed after she saw the customer that came for "omurice" at noon.



Anyway, that was the day Saki was accepted as a new employee of Nekoya and found out about otherworld dining hall.

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TN: She got accepted!

1. Ponzu is a citrus-based sauce commonly used in Japanese cuisine. It is tart, with a thin, watery consistency and a dark brown color.





# Chapter 102

## Carbonara



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It became troublesome.

Edmond who had served the Kingdom for 30 years sighed in a room at the royal palace as he listened to the information collected by the spies.

[I see. There's a high probability that Her Highness the princess would be married to the Sand Country.]

[Yes. It's already rumoured that a large procession led by His Highness the crown prince of Sand Country visited the Imperial Capital. There's no mistake.]

Edmond's faithful spy that had served him for a long time nodded to his words and replied.

[I understand. It's a state ceremony. Good job.]

After listening to the whole information, Edmond dismissed the spy.

[...Empire, what on earth are you thinking?]

Edmond's face while he muttered so showed strong vigilance.

Although the upper authority of the Kingdom including the king said that the Empire without Wilhelm was insignificant, Edmond who had been in charge of intelligence for a long time knew about the strength of foreign nations like the Empire more than anyone else.

The Kingdom admitted that the Empire led by Wilhelm was great.

That's why when Wilhelm had grown old and passed away, the king was now not afraid of the current emperor that was surrounded with mediocre vessels.

After all, with the exception of the emperor, the country was filled with savage demons and commoners. The Empire was not an enemy of the Kingdom which was a major player of the Eastern Continent for a long time.

In that, Edmond thought that the thinking that was common in the Kingdom was quite sweet.

Certainly, the current Empire did not have its former momentum of a hungry wolf.

The war that the current emperor had presided over had only occurred once in the last decade or so, and that was just before Wilhelm died.

Since then, the Empire had only positioned its large number of soldiers for border security, did not fight in battles and only planted Cobbler's fruit in its wasteland.

(However, it's not because they lost the great emperor Wilhelm and there is no one to guide them.)

Edmond felt that... a country which felt like a starving wolf that attacked here and there was an easier opponent.

After discovering the Goddess' crops named Cobbler's fruit (it's just a passing story that only followers of Green Goddess listened, but he wondered if there's a grain of truth in it), the Empire had made a huge change in their policy.

It was a conclusion that Edmond reached after looking at the transformation of wastelands where barley couldn't be cultivated into fields where Cobbler's fruit were planted.

(Perhaps it can be regarded as Wilhelm's last trickery... such a cunning person.)

It was likely that the last battle to obtain the Empire's port was a little impossible now that he thought about it now and it was probably Wilhelm's last legacy before he died.

By this, nobody doubted when the Empire suddenly stopped fighting.

Although he obtained teachings from Wilhelm, the new emperor was forced into national defense policy because he couldn't manage warfare that required for a large number of troops to be organized.

(However, this is different. The truth is that the Empire is enriching itself by cultivating Cobbler's fruit, it is storing power right now.)

The military was always necessary.

Even in peaceful time without war, there were always demons that would act violently following their instinct.

It was the job of military and the knights to subdue them. Regardless of the existences of adventurers and mercenaries, the country shouldn't rely on them.

Therefore, it's not unusual for the Empire with its large territory to work on policies that could feed its people while keeping its huge army on its first sight.

But as long as the backups were there, it's possible that if something went wrong, it could return to its former hungry wolf self and wage war at any time.

(Neither the king nor the aristocrats are aware of the danger.)

Or it was necessary to say that the current Kingdom was greatly filled with disorderly people.

Feeling sorry for the current situation of his country, Edmond sighed again.

The Kingdom was once the center of the Old Kingdom... in order to resist the group of evil spirits under the rule of the king that became the terrible lich and rampaging demons, it was said that influential lords that governed the frontier territories created an alliance. Since the original was a product of compromise, the national power was

not cohesive.

The Principality which was the retainer of the Old Kingdom said that the words of the king were given priority above all since he had the rightful lineage of the Old Kingdom. And unlike in the Empire where no one defied the words of the emperor, the king of the Kingdom, even if he was the head of the most influential noble house, if he wanted to do something, the king needed to lay groundwork to make necessary adjustment.

Therefore, the Kingdom which was unable to cope with the rapid movement of the Empire often found itself in hot water.

(Also this time... I can do nothing for the Kingdom.)

It was not good for the Kingdom if the Empire with its nonexistent history in magic was connected with the Sand Country which was said to be comparable with the Kingdom and the Principality in its study of magic.

Even if the Kingdom had many heavyweights that despised the Empire due to the reign of Wilhelm, everything would be finished before they could even do anything since they would pull at each other's legs first before doing anything.

(The future of the Kingdom, I despair about it... my head hurts.)

While feeling frustrated, Edmond would continue to "gather information".

He was placed in a musty reference room and was surrounded by historical material gathered from various places ever since the beginning of the Kingdom.

Beyond that, there was a secret door that only Edmond knew.

Once in 7 days, a black door with a picture of a cat would appear on Satur's Day.

Edmond quietly entered it.

In the back of the reference room, the sound of bell echoed.

Looking around the bright room slowly, Edmond decided to sit after greeting the great sage Artorius.

Edmond picked a quiet, unobtrusive seat.

[Welcome.]

After he sat down, the waitress approached.

[...Fumu, a newcomer. You, what's your name?]

He noticed she's not the usual demon waitress Aletta and was a female human that looked similar to people of Mountain Country, so he lightly asked.

The female who did not seem to be familiar with her uniform replied with a little awkward smile.

[Ee. I have been working at the kitchen and my concurrent post ever since last week, my name is Yamagata Saki. Pleased to meet you.]

[I see. So you are called Yamagata. Can I order now?]

Based from her speech and demeanor, she was not accustomed to service work like Aletta, but it seemed that she was educated.

While doing such observation, Edmond ordered his usual.

[I want to order carbonara.]

Even though he was not Alphaid, he would eat that noddle dish first. That was Edmond's style.

[Yes. Carbonara... is it? Please wait for a moment.]

While listening to the order, Yamagata took out something unfamiliar that looked like a stick and a board and wrote something down smoothly.

(Hou, so she is able to write. So she is educated after all.)

After seeing that she could write letters, it could be said that there's a considerable difference in her education compared to Aletta who only memorized the orders.

While she did not appear to be concerned from being observed, she retreated to the kitchen.

(Well, let's observe the customers now.)

After ordering, Edmond slowly observed the room.

The lizardman who ate omurice with his usual expressionless face, and the flock of fairies that gathered together like a group of bees eating something sweet placed on



the table.

The ogre couple sitting down on the floor while devouring meat and alcohol while cheerfully talking with a boy with brown skin, and a Lamia sitting elegantly showing that she was educated.

And the knight of Principality and the daughter of Gold family sitting on their usual adjoining tables.

A chef of Alphaid Company sitting on the only seat where the kitchen could be observed from.

The elven sisters who ate quickly and elegantly, the older one seemed grumpy while the younger one looked cheerful.

And, someone he didn't want to be involved with, the great sage who was enjoying his golden beer slowly.

In this restaurant, each customer was enjoying their own food.

It seemed impossible in Edmond's common sense, but he got accustomed to it and then realized.

Even just by looking around, he could obtain various information from this restaurant.

Edmond preferred to gather information. By using it, he went up from an aristocratic civil servant to a minister.

His observing eyes were sharp and he could glean information in this restaurant.

[Thank you for waiting. Here's your carbonara.]

[Oo, it's here. Well then, let's eat.]

However, it's different when eating carbonara alone in this otherworld dining hall.

A meal for one person that he couldn't usually eat and something he could eat without being disturbed by anyone and without troublesome haggling.

Edmond decided to forget about his work only when eating this.



The fragrance of cheese was carried by the drifting steam.

A glimpse of entangled noodles covered with melted light yellow cheese mixed with eggs, pink smoked meat and black pepper scattered over it.

(Umu, carbonara has to be this way.)

Edmond, who was born and raised at the Kingdom, had particular feelings about noodle dishes.

When he just became an adult, the innovative cuisine successively created by Alphaid Company was noodle dishes.

In those days, even the royal court discussed what kind of dishes would be introduced next.

(However, the origin of the cuisine introduced by Alphaid Company seems to be this restaurant.)

He winded up the noodles with his fork while recalling such memories.

He then carried to his mouth while smelling the cheese scent.

Edmond reflexively smiled to the taste of melting cheese and freshly cooked noodles spreading in his mouth.

The rich taste of eggs and cheese was irresistible. The sharp taste of black pepper then tightened the rich taste and the fat melting from the smoked meat had moderate saltiness.

All of it melted into the cheese and was conveyed along with the firm texture of the noodle.

(Umu, as always, this flavor is irresistible.)

He never thought that eggs and cheese would fit together so well when he tasted it for the first time.

Also, by using noodles somewhat thicker than usual, its flavor was not defeated by the cheese.

While seasoned with plenty of cheese, the taste of wheat noodle still remained firmly.

(Well, next is...)

He stabbed the pink smoked meat and carried it to his mouth.

The meat taste that was condensed in the smoked, square-cut, thick meat had a different umami from the thick cheese, amusing his tongue.

He ate the noodles, then the smoked meat, and then the noodles again.

The carbonara was finished in an instant.

[Fuu... excuse me, I would like to order coffee.]



After he finished eating, Edmond drank the otherworld bitter tea named coffee to rest his tongue.

(Well then, let's get back to work...)

Edmond who was satisfied with one serving of carbonara resumed his work.

# Chapter 103

## Roast Beef



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Extending her wings of darkness, Roroo, a priestess serving the Black Goddess, cheered joyfully as she soared in the sky.

(Finally, I am a kin.)

Roroo, who was a normal human until just now, could finally feel the comfort of light of night falling down from the heaven filled with the death aura of Black Goddess.

She did not notice that the light of sun, the symbol of White Goddess, which she had been bathing in before felt so abhorrent.

She couldn't master it since she was still immature now, but she could now feel the power of Black Goddess newly dwelling in her.

(Aa, O Black Goddess who lives in the end of earth, I thank you for giving me a part of



your power.)

While stroking her nape pierced with two holes as the proof of her ceremony to become a kin of the Black Goddess, she laughed showing her now elongated canines which resembled fangs.

Her figure was not that of a fragile human that served the Black Goddess, she was now a kin of the Black Goddess who would fight against followers of White Goddess and Chaos God while leading the followers of Black Goddess, she was full of self-confidence.

In the fight that the six pillars including the Black Goddess carried out to erase the Chaos of Myriad Colours from the world, the blood of the Goddesses who suffered many injuries fell to the earth. At that time, it was recorded in the myth that any living being that survived after taking the blood of the Goddesses would become “kin”.

The kin who were endowed with powerful ability to survive even the dragons would live forever, but they lost the ability to procreate.

Even if they met with men and women, no child would be conceived.

After ending the war with Chaos of Myriad Colours, the kin who could not increase any more would lead and teach the followers of the Goddesses.

With the exception of the kin of Blue Goddess that dwelled in the bottom of the sea, they would battle against the followers of other Goddesses and Chaos God and those who were non-believers, causing their numbers to gradually decrease and disappeared from the front stage of Southern Continent.

...With the exception of the kin of the two contrasting Goddesses, White and Black.

The kin of White Goddess were born because she loved the human race and would occasionally descend before her followers.

A selected baby would be given a drop of her blood, giving the “white child” the power of dragon that easily surpassed other humans, though they had the same lifespan as humans.

As the agents of the White Goddess that led the believers, they also elevated the followers of White Goddess into the strongest religion in the world.

The kin of Black Goddess had also escaped the decline as they had the “ability to increase the Black kin” which was not found in other kin.

The Black kin were able to create another Black kin by giving their blood to a close blood relative... that’s why they were able to increase their number.

In terms of pure power, they were a step weaker than the kin of other Goddesses. Not to mention they had a deadly weakness of not being able to fight under sunlight when their bodies were covered with black dragon scales.

And it was the reason used on why the Black Goddess departed to faraway place and had never showed her appearance again after the fight with Chaos of Myriad Colours.

Even among the believers of Black Goddess, only those that could grow dragon scales and had the talent to become a great priest were selected to become kin.

Apostles of Black Goddess served the temple that centered on the great priests who became kin, trusting on the day their descendants could be kin, the followers would do labour work in exchange of the kin’s protection, while the kin provided their blood for the vitality of the religion.

[..N? It’s faint, but I can smell something nice.]

Those who had passed the test to become the Black kin like Roroa had perception ability above humans.

It’s just a little, but she could felt the power of Black Goddess gathering.

[Is it this place?]

She flapped her wings and followed the smell. The brightness of full moon light boosted Roroa’s night vision and she found the place of interest.

[N? Isn’t this... a door?]

There was a black door with a picture of a cat.

The towering black door stood upright and was illuminated with moonlight.

[Here, just a bit, but I can feel the power of Black Goddess...]

Stroking the surface of the black door, Roroa sensed the residue of her power.

(Is this possibly magic?)

Roroa concluded its identity, it was different from the power of the blessings of Black Goddess, but she could feel it from the other side of the door.

Was it the power of magic which expressed the power that dwelled inside the body without needing the blessings of the Goddess in this door?

According to knowledge she learned from the temple, they came to attack this continent thousands of years ago. Magic was the technology used by the long eared invaders who did not believe in God, even the Chaos of Myriad Colours which was the common enemy of the six pillars. In the place where Roroa lived, magic were rarely used except by the races that could instinctively use their magical powers.

During the confusion caused by the second coming of Chaos of Myriad Colours, the followers of Red that believed strength was righteous, the religion of White that was most believed in by weak humans so they were able to pick people with quality to become their followers, and the Black kin who managed to survive the invasion of long eared invaders and succeeded to steal their technology that the invaders used extensively.

(Maybe this is the magic that the great priest uses... probably.)

Because of the strength of the magic she could feel from the door, it was probably the one used by the great priest with strong magical power.

So it's probably not dangerous.

Roroa felt that way and decided to open the door.

'Chirinchirin', the sound of bell echoed in the bright room.

(This place...!?)

Roroa looked around the room and saw a female demon walking around, her breath then hitched.

It was not permissible to have a follower of chaos in a sacred place where a black high priest was involved in.

Roroa tried to repel the follower of chaos and manifested dragon's tail and nails...

—Don't. We do not allow fighting here.

She felt weak for a moment, and was ready to collapse.

It was a strange voice that she couldn't oppose, no, couldn't think of.

(Wha, what!? What was that just now!?)

Surprised by the voice, Roroa looked around.

[Ano, customer-sama, is there something wrong?]

While doing such, the girl who was the follower of chaos approached her and asked.

[U, uun!? It's nothing? That... a.]

Roroa was not going to fight anymore, she then noticed a man and woman in the room.

[...Un?]

[Ara.]

It seemed that they too noticed.

Unlike Roroa, the two of them had white skin and wore clothes with strange design that did not show their arms and legs.

However, Roroa who seriously studied in order to become kin was able to recognize their identity.

[Etto, that... I'd like to talk with the people of there, so can I seat at the same table with them?]

[Yes? That table... please wait a moment, I'll verify with them.]

The follower of chaos showed a confused face when she heard Roroa's words, but then she went to check.

(A, maybe she's not a bad person?)

Seeing the back of the retreating figure, Roroa thought so.

In the temple of the Black Goddess, it was taught that all followers of chaos had to be

killed as soon as they were encountered, but the girl in front of her did not seem to be a bad person that she had to kill immediately.

[I have confirmed it. Romero-san and Julietta-san said that they didn't mind sharing their table and would like to talk with you, let me guide you there.]

[Un, understood.]

As she didn't want to oppose it, she said so with a smile and Roroa moved towards that table.

[Yaa, such a pleasant night today isn't it... I did not expect to meet someone from the same tribe as me. My name is Romero.]

[My name is Julietta... perhaps, this is your first time here?]

The two people drinking from a clear glass cups filled with blood-like red wine place their cups on the table and greeted Roroa.

[Etto, nice to meet you. My name is Roroa. I just became a Black kin, that, please take care of me.]

Roroa greeted the two who seemed to be members of Black kin though they did not seem to be a priest and priestess.

(That man... Romero must have been devoting himself to studies for hundreds of years.)

She was able to perceive that Romero had been a Black kin for quite a long time.

Maybe Julietta was his lover?

While thinking such, Romero asked Roroa with great interest.

[Fumu, a Black kin... Roroa-san, where do you live?]

[E? Where... usually at the capital city of Black Goddess.]

[Black, is it? Is she the Goddess of Darkness?]

[The Goddess of Darkness? No, the darkness is certainly her domain, but the Black Goddess is the Black Goddess.]

While answering his question, they were enveloped in mysterious atmosphere.

She answered properly, and as far as Roroa knew, her answer was common sense, but



the two people in front of her had strange looks.

It seemed that the man was worried for a while, he looked upwards as he pondered.

[Perhaps she is a child of “vampire country”. I never thought that it was true.]

Hearing Romero’s words, Roroa and Julietta asked him.

[E? Vampire? What is that?]

[Maa, there is a vampire country? I’ve never heard of such story.]

Romero decided to tell them about the story he had heard long ago while smiling wryly.

[It was a story from long ago, more than a thousand years, it was something I’ve heard from someone who had lived longer than a thousand years, but long ago, when elves explored around and subjugated savage tribes and demons to expand their territories, it seemed that they found a vampire country.

There was a vampire noble that ruled the place, in exchange of providing protection for the humans, he governed that place and was given blood.

And I’ve heard that strong people were chosen by the vampire to become members of their tribe, so there were many vampires there and those vampires who were able to wield their strong power anytime were unable to be subjugated even by the elves.]

[...Maybe, you’re calling the Black kin as vampires?]

Hearing Romero’s words, Roroa gleaned the meaning from it.

By deciphering the story so far, the vampires were Black kin that covered his body with black dragon scales and managed to overcome the sunlight, he was then nominated to rule over humans at the territory of Black Goddess.

Perhaps the elves were the long eared invaders?

[Aa, that’s right. We are called vampires... but according to you, we are Black kin. Once again, nice to meet you.]

[Even if this is the otherworld dining hall, to think that we would meet a vampire of vampire country. Again, pleased to meet you.]

Anyway, they’re not enemies.

The two of them laughed showing their fangs.

[Yes, nice to meet you. By the way, this place is called the otherworld dining hall?]

Roroo also laughed showing her pointed fangs and asked the question in her mind.

[Aa, that's right. This place is the otherworld dining hall, there are many delicious food here.]

[While its real name is different, everyone calls this place otherworld dining hall.]

The two answered Roroo's question, glancing at the dish they had eaten while they were drinking until now.

In accordance to that, Roroo glanced at the food lined up at the table and tilted her head.

[Is this half-roasted meat an otherworld cuisine?]

Looking at the dish they were eating, Roroo said her honest impression.

The sliced meat showed that the meat inside was still pink, only its surface was well-roasted.

Even with vegetables arranged below the meat and some sort of sauce poured on top, it looked half-cooked.



[Ee, this cuisine is called roast beef.]

[This is good with red wine. If we want to eat a main menu, the beefsteak is excellent, but this is more compatible with alcohol. How about we eat together? I guarantee the taste.]

However, the two of them thought that this half-roasted meat dish was delicious.

(Maa, they don't seem to be bad people...)

It would be rude if she didn't eat after they recommended it.

Roroo picked up a fork placed by the follower of chaos and reached for the roast beef.

The sliced meat she stabbed with the fork was surprisingly soft.

(But, I wonder if it's okay... no, I'm not human anymore, it's fine.)

She was concerned whether she would get stomachache since this was not cooked enough, but that thought crossed her mind and she ate it.

[...Fuwa!?!]

When she ate it, Roroo's eyes widened in surprise.

The meat was not half-cooked. Even though it still seemed raw at first glance, it was cooked with fire properly.

The surface was fragrant while the inside was soft. When she chewed, the salt and spices used for seasoning mixed with the meat juice, and she could chew the meat easily.

The roasted meat was different from boiled meat. Roroo did not know that meat could be cooked like this.

[How is it? Surprising isn't it? Even though it seems half-cooked, it's actually not, this restaurant is really interesting.]

Romero said satisfactorily seeing her reaction.

The beefsteak which he ate when he first visited the restaurant, it seemed that there were many cases where ingenuity was more elaborate in a dish that seemed simple at first glance.



That's why Romero and Julietta liked this restaurant.

[Now, feel free to eat more. I'll order again when it's finished.]

Listening to Julietta, Roroa pulled the dish towards her and ate more roast beef.

Despite being cooked with fire, the soft meat was overflowing with meat juice when she chewed.

The sauce contained something green and spicy that stung her nose, and it was mixed with a black sauce that had little acidity that suited the meat well, she felt that she could eat a lot of this dish.

[As I said earlier, it's delicious as it is, but if eaten with wine, it's even more delicious. You should try it...

Aa, Aletta. Excuse me, but I would like to order more roast beef. Bring us some bread too.]

Seeing Roroa whose appearance as a young woman wouldn't change, Romero handed her the glass filled with red wine.



(...N! It really goes well with this alcohol!)

She drank the recommended drink, the alcohol with clear red colour and sour taste was also delicious.

It was probably made with a type of fruit that Roroa did not know, it certainly matched well with the meat.

She drank alcohol and ate the meat. And when she ate the soft, fluffy and slightly sweet “bread” recommended to her, it also fit well with meat.

(This otherworld dining hall is a good place. Romero-san is also nice.)

Feeling satisfied and happy, Roroa decided that she would come to this place again.

While thinking such, Roroa continued to eat happily.



# Chapter 104

## Choco Cornet



---

On Saturday morning, she arrived at the station riding the first train, walked to Nekoya, and prepared the breakfast.

That was Saki's routine as of last month.

(Another month, huh...)

While walking, Saki felt somewhat nostalgic.

After finishing her coming-of-age ceremony, she was accepted to work at her uncle's restaurant, and a month had passed since she was told about the secret of the restaurant.

(It has changed indeed, this restaurant.)



The main entrance of this restaurant was connected to a “different world” on Saturdays, becoming an “otherworld dining hall” that welcomed customers from there.

It was the secret of Western restaurant Nekoya for the last 30 years.

The only ones who knew other than Saki was the owner, her great-grandmother Koyomi, and the shop owners that the restaurant was associated with for a long a time, it seemed that it was kept as a secret from the employees.

(It seems that Tanaka-san is vaguely aware of it...)

An old-timer chef who was working at the restaurant since the previous owner’s time (he was also the one that taught the basics of professional chef to Saki), the young master who was also with the previous owner, someone who wanted to get close during Saturdays of olden time, so Saki-chan had to be careful. Was what she heard.

...In Saki’s case, she was hired to work on Saturdays.

[Maa, oh well. I have to work hard... eh?]

When she came near, Saki who had arrived at the back door of Nekoya’s building noticed that there was someone there.

Standing there with somewhat reluctant air was a high school boy a bit younger than Saki. That boy also noticed Saki’s presence and bowed his head at her.

[A, hello. Good morning.]

The boy said so as he bowed his head. He wore an apron with the name of a shop printed on the chest.

She certainly remembered that there was a bakery at the shopping district which supplied bread for Nekoya, so Saki asked him.

[A, no, it’s not about work, it’s just...]

The boy stuttered while carrying a paper bag with the words Bakery Kimura written on it.

[...A, that’s right. Onee-san<sup>1</sup>, you just started to work at Nekoya right?]

After thinking for a while, the boy realized something and raised his head while presenting the paper bag.

[This, the blonde foreigner girl that always worked hard here at Saturdays ordered this by phone, that, can you please give this to her?]

[A, un. That's fine.]

That's a lie. Saki thought so while receiving it with a smile.

A foreigner girl that worked at Nekoya... there's no way Aletta who was a genuine otherworlder could operate a phone. In fact, it's highly probable that she's not even aware of its existence.

For a moment, she could see that the boy's cheeks were red, so she could easily guess why he lied.

[I see. That's good. Then please tell her that this time I'm confident with this, so I would like to hear her impression after she eats it. Well then, I have to help the morning preparation!]

After saying so with a bright face, the boy ran away to escape from embarrassment.

[...Youth, huh.]

While watching his back, Saki unintentionally said such words.

Saki then went down to Nekoya using the elevator near the back door.

[Ou, morning.]

[Good morning, Saki-san.]

In the restaurant, the owner and Aletta who had finished her shower and changing her clothes greeted Saki.

[Un. Good morning... ah, Aletta-chan. This is a gift from a boy working at Kimura-san's place.]

Saying so, she gave Aletta the paper bag that she received from the boy earlier.

[E? Is it a present from Shota-san?]

Hearing the strange words, Aletta looked into the paper bag.

Inside there was spiral bread similar to a horn with a sweet smell drifting from it.



[Hou, this is choco cornet... aa, that reminds me, Kimura-san is eager to defeat Flying Puppy this year so much...]

Similarly, the owner looked inside the paper bag and noticed that it was a classic sweet bread, he then remembered what day that day was.

[...Isn't it the opposite normally.]

Saki recalled the boy's state and smiled a bit.

The boy gave her a chocolate bread, though it's a reverse from norm.

[Maa, then, Aletta. You should eat that for breakfast. That choco cornet is delicious after all.]

[Yes. Well then, I'll eat it later.]

Hearing the owner's words, Aletta nodded and smiled happily.

The time was after the morning preparation, there were only a few early customers coming now, so it's Nekoya's break time.

It was time for employees' breakfast.

Today's menu were something called Saki's pizza toast which was bread topped with various ingredients and then baked, a combination platter of fresh vegetables, and the owner's corn potage.

Besides that, special only for Aletta was the choco cornet she received earlier.

[A, ano... is it okay for me alone to eat this?]

Aletta made a troubled face and asked them.

It seemed weird for her to eat better than the owner and the owner's niece.

[No, I don't mind. If the one giving this to Aletta is Kimura-san's Shouta, then you should eat it deliciously.]

[True, true. Also, if we want to eat it, we can buy it for ourselves. That's why Aletta-chan should eat it.]

To such Aletta, they answered while laughing.

[We, well then... O God of Demons, I receive the food you gave me today as well.]

[Ou. Well then, let's eat.]

[Let's eat.]

It would be rather rude to say too much.

Aletta ate it after she prayed.

First of all, she reached for the owner's corn potage and scooped the yellow soup.



Aletta loved this soup which she ate when she first entered the restaurant; it was slightly sweet and tasted of vegetables.

(N... delicious.)

It was warm and the sweetness different from fruits spread in her mouth as always, she felt relieved.

All of the restaurant's soups were delicious, but Aletta thought that this sweet soup was the most delicious after all.

Now that she had eaten half of the soup, next she picked up a fork and reached for the raw vegetables... the owner called it a salad.



The raw vegetables seasoned with sour sauce with complex taste were good enough to be called a dish.

(I wonder what kind of vegetables these are?)

Every time she ate salad, Aletta wondered about the vegetables which had different quality than the ones that Aletta knew. She was certain that they tasted better because of the sauce, but the vegetables of otherworld had only a bit of bitterness and had deliciously strong taste like sweetness and/or acidity instead. Therefore, they're delicious enough to be eaten raw.

It's strange for Aletta, were the vegetables different in otherworld, or was it cultivated



differently?

Her hand did not stop while she thought such, she ate the red vegetable and thin green leafy vegetable, and the spicy and slightly bitter sliced raw Oranie complimented other vegetables.

(Next is...)

After eating the others, she reached for the pizza toast.



This baked dish with ingredients arranged on sliced bread called shokupan in the otherworld was similar to the pizza dish served in the restaurant as the name suggested.





*TN: Shokupan means sliced bread in Japanese*



First of all, the cuisine that the owner's niece made was not served to customers yet, so she wanted to eat the main dish made by Saki as soon as possible.

On top of the sliced bread were Oranie, thinly cut sausages, slightly bitter green vegetable and cheese, it was then baked until the surface was slightly brown.

When she ate it, she tasted the bread with its crunchy baked texture, the soft feel of melted cheese and the sour taste of ketchup.

The Oranie's vivid sharp taste when not cooked enough, the bitterness of the green vegetable, and the sliced sausages were further mixed in and the result was delicious.

(Are all of the master's family brilliant chefs?)

While eating, Aletta unintentionally thought.

Saki had just become an adult, and she looked a bit younger than Aletta.

While she was not as good as the owner, she was still better than ordinary adult chefs.

Although she didn't know about the owner's grandmother that came before, Saki who was the owner's blood relative also had knowledge and skill of a chef, and at the same time, she was steadily training to improve her skills.

While thinking such, she finished eating the pizza toast, the salad and the corn potage; she then decided to eat the bread that she left for last.

(This is surely delicious right?)

The tunamayo corn bread she received from Shota before was delicious. So perhaps this choco cornet was delicious too?



Thinking that way, she peeled of something transparent attached to the base of the bread (according to the owner, it was inedible and was placed to prevent the cream in the middle from oozing out).



Something dark brown had been inserted in the horn-like bread, she then ate a mouthful.

[E!? Sweet!?!]

To that taste, Aletta said in surprise.

This bread was sweet. To be precise, the cream in the middle was sweet while the bread itself was not sweet at all.

The taste was different from what she expected, so she was surprised.

(A, I see! This choco is the sweet ingredient used in cakes!)

And then one lag behind, she noticed that there's bitterness in the sweetness.

Choco was something often used in sweets made at the bakery on upper floor.

Apparently this bread was filled with it.

[E? A sweet choco cornet... isn't that normal?]

[Aa, if I remember correctly she has never eaten sweet bread before. Certainly it's different from what she knew.]

Hearing their reactions, Aletta blushed and continued to eat.

The horn-like bread was not sweet like normal bread. It neutralized the sweet milky cream well and she could eat it steadily.

The horn shape seemed to be made from winding long and slender bread into this shape.

As she ate it, the tip of the bread where there was no cream was the last uneaten part.

When she ate the tip that was a bit harder than other part of the bread, the choco cornet was finished.

(It's delicious...)

It was a bit disappointing, but she smiled to that satisfying taste.

[...I think I understand a little bit why oji-san hired Aletta-chan.]

While she was feeling satisfied, she heard Saki saying so.

[E?]

She unintentionally replied.

[Aletta-chan eats food really deliciously. If you eat my cooking like that, as the chef I'm very happy after all.]

[...Maa, that's true. There's also that.]

The owner nodded and replied while laughing.

Hearing so, Aletta blushed from embarrassment and looked downwards.

- 
1. It's not that Saki is his older sister. He knew that Saki is older so he's just being polite.



# Chapter 105

## Oden



---

Deep in the mountains, a thick forest was dyed white.

A spring was covered in thick ice, and a hut made from animal hide was built nearby on its banks.

Two ogres, Tatsuji and Otoro, lived in the small hut with high ceiling.

From the mountain at east, the morning sun finally revealed itself, its light was reflected by the glittering snow and the two demons wrapped in full-body clothes made from animal fur appeared from the hut.

[Oou, cold. Here.]

Tatsuji, one half of the married ogre couple, trembled due to the cold that pierced to his bones and knelt down.

[Aa, it's hard.]

After Otoru was gently carried in piggy-back style by Tatsuji, he then started to walk.

For both Tatsuji and Otoru who were particularly strong ogres, their strongest enemy was neither the beasts that lived in the forest nor the samurais that occasionally attacked them.

For ogres who were scattered and lived in various places only with their families, it was during winter time when the food was disappearing, the beasts became thin and unpleasant, the spring water freezing over and the winter snow that was difficult to deal with that was the most frightening of all.

It was an enemy.

It was not an unusual story if a veteran ogre that was able to kill many travelers and samurais and living alone in the mountain had fallen ill during the winter and his corpse was found when spring came.

Leaving footprints on their path, they found the usual black door.

[Okay, get down.]

[Okay.]

After Otoru got off when he was three steps from the door, he bent down to gently grasped the door handle and turned it.

'Chirinchirin', the bell sound echoed when the door opened and warm air carrying the scent of food drifted out, they bent down to walk through the doorway while exhaling white breaths.

[A, welcome.]

[Uwa, huge... wel, welcome.]

When the two ogres bent down to enter, along with the smiling Aletta was a female



with the familiar features of Mountain Country people staring up at them in bewilderment, she too greeted them.

[Sorry to come so early. Let us warm ourselves for a bit.]

The restaurant was cool during summer and warm during winter.

They didn't know much, but the otherworld dining hall was comfortable at every season and was a fleeting enjoyment during winter where they could eat delicious food.

[Ou, roast chicken as usual... no, no alcohol today. We want to eat today. So we want rice please.]

She thought about drinking alcohol as usual, but looking at Tatsuji beside her, she decided to eat food only today.

[Well then, feel free to stay longer, best regards.]

Otora crouched down and smiled at the two waitress and the ogres sat down on the floor surrounded by the tables.

[Yes, wait for a moment please.]

After they ordered their usual, Aletta retreated to the kitchen and they waited hungrily.

[Thank you for waiting. Here's your roast chicken with rice.]



After they waited for a while, Aletta brought a large plate full of roasted bird meat with rice.

[Ou, thanks.]

[Thank you. Well then, let's eat.]

They smiled seeing the dish placed on the table and they reached for the food as soon as possible.

They chomped down on the bird meat that was fatty despite the winter season, and they threw the still warm rice into their mouth.

Usually they would eat it while drinking “rice shochu”, the fat of the chicken still remained even when it's roasted moderately and seasoned with salt.

When they chewed, it went well with the sweet rice.

Tatsuji and Otora could eat 3 person's worth of meal, and as rice filled their bellies longer than alcohol, this time they abstained from drinking alcohol.

So they decided to eat their meal this way and were satisfied with it.

(...Oh right, that old magician used to say that...)

While spending their time in the warm room and eating their warm meal, he saw customers drinking the golden ale of otherworld and remembered the story he heard from a certain customer.

—In this restaurant, there are customers that buy a “pot” of meal to take home.

Such a story.

After filling their bellies to the brim with roast chicken and rice, Tatsuji called Aletta for a “new order”.

[...E? A meal in a cooking pot, is it?]

To Aletta who reflexively asked back, Tatsuji nodded.

[Ou. We will pay for it properly and bring the pot back the next time we come, so is it possible? That's why, we want that delicious pot of meal that we can bring home.]

[Etto, I understand. I'll check it with the master so please wait a moment.]

Aletta realized that he was not joking based on his serious face and returned to the kitchen.

After waiting, the owner came out.

[...I will have to prepare it from now so it will take a considerable amount of time, is that fine?]

[Aa, we don't mind.]

[This place is really warm. I would appreciate it if we can rest after our meal here slowly.]

Hearing the owner's confirmation, the two nodded and decided to wait.

[...I understand. Since it is cold season right now, I'll make you some oden.]



If he thought about it, it's the first time someone ordered a potful of cooking other than beef stew, so the owner decided on the menu after thinking a little.



[Ou, we leave it to you.]

[You don't have to hurry. We'll wait for you.]

[Yes, well then, please wait for a while.]

The owner nodded to them and went back to the kitchen to cook their order alongside with the orders of other customers.

(Perhaps they won't be eating it soon, so they have to boil it again...)

Surely they would be glad.

While thinking so, the owner prepared for their dish while finishing the other dishes.

[Well then, thank you very much.]

[Ou, we'll come again.]

[Well then, see you.]

While listening to Aletta and the new waitress, they returned to the forest covered with snow.

[Uu, of course this place is so cold.]

[Let's go back quickly. I'll freeze if I stay outside longer like this.]

As the sun had reached its peak, it was somewhat warmer than morning time, but it was still cold as they just came back from that warm room.

While feeling like that, they rushed home.

[It's a nice smell.]

[Very true. That old man told us to leave it until tomorrow to let the flavor penetrate the ingredients, but I want to eat it right now.]

The large pot was still warm and wrapped with cloth. The pot that was carried by Otoru emitted a faintly fragrant scent from inside.

[Would you like to eat it here for a short while?]

[Be patient. We're full right now. Let's wait until the sun goes down.]

While talking, they reached their hut and went inside.

They closed the door tightly so that draft wind couldn't enter inside and lighted the charcoal in the middle of the fireplace with an ember.

[Okay, I'm going to sleep.]

[Yeah, today we got up early and now I'm tired.]

They exchanged such conversation and wrapped themselves with futon made by sewing tiger and bear fur; they then napped until the sun went down.

Soon snores that rumbled like a rock echoed inside the room.

It's evening.

The two woke up and noticed that their bellies were now empty, so they decided to eat the oden now.

They removed the cloth wrapping and placed it carefully on the ash of the fireplace so that the silver pot didn't spill.

Then they started to warm it by surrounding it with red charcoal.

After a short time, the soup of the oden was warmed up and a good scent can be



smelled.

[Ou, it's ready to eat.]

[Not yet. Let's wait until the soup is boiling.]

Tatsuji who appreciated the scent tried to reach for the oden, but he was reproved by Otora who was preparing their bowls and chopsticks.

[Geez, not yet...]

Even if he was complaining, his face loosened.

This would be delicious.

He knew it even before eating it.

[Well then, it's ready to eat.]

As she prepared the utensils, she heard the sound of boiling water from inside the pot and Otora took off the lid.



The smell of shoyu and cooked ingredients spread in the room and their bellies grumbled.

[O, ou! Let's eat it now!]

[Okay.]



Truly, he was just like a child except when he was fighting beasts and the samurais, Otoro chose some of the ingredients from the pot and served them in the bowl while thinking so.

[Ou, the soup is crystal clear brown. This one is a boiled egg. This is some kind of meat dumpling... what are this grey thing and the one with hole?]

She placed the otherworld ingredients in a large soup bowl, a bit of yellow mustard that she received from the owner on the edge of the bowl and gave it to Tatsuji.

[Ou, let's eat!]

Tatsuji received the bowl and reached for the meat dumpling as soon as possible.

He put the meat dumpling into his mouth and chewed, the dumpling containing the soup and taste of chicken the overflowed in his mouth.

[Ho~t! ... But delicious!]

He breathed out to expel the heat of the soup in his mouth and loudly exclaimed.

[It's true... this warms me up, we bought something good.]

While watching him, Otoro sipped the soup seasoned with shoyu.

This oden cuisine seemed to be a dish where various ingredients were cooked at once, but the ingredients were varied, and the superb soup contained the umami of mushrooms, truly it was a first-class soup.

[Oo, this is a delicious meal. The delicious soup has been soaked into the ingredients.]

It's tough when eaten raw, but the belly meat that was in this oden was only faintly bitter and had plenty of umami, it's truly "mixed in" with the oden.

It had absorbed plenty of the soup and melted softly in the mouth.

Besides, if eaten with the spicy mustard, the taste was tightened and they could eat as much as they wanted.

[This grey one that's steeped in the soup is also nice. It's jiggly and delicious.]

Tatsuji who ate the mysterious grey thing that's shaped like a triangle told so to Otoro.

This strange grey jiggly food provided a different texture to the dish.

It's jiggly and did not crumble even if it's soft, but he could chew it with his teeth.

With that unusual texture, the juice that's been absorbed overflowed steadily.

He did not quite understand, but he knew that it's delicious.

[Un. This thing is also good... the one with the hole.]

This ingredient with a hole was shaped like a bamboo tube.

It was stronger in flavor than the soup it absorbed; it also had a peculiar texture.

Apparently it's made from meat, but it was something she had never tasted before though it was delicious.

[Ou, this egg is also good. But there are not many of them.]

Tatsuji cut the egg into half using his chopsticks and carried one half to his mouth.

The taste of yellow yolk and jiggly egg white collapsing in his mouth matched well with the soup.

Especially when he dissolved the yolk in the soup, the flavor of egg was added to the soup and changed the overall flavor.

[...Mou, I can't be patient anymore!]

Tatsuji then searched around and unearthed Otorā's handmade unrefined liquor though there's only a little remaining, and drank it while eating his oden.

[...Maa, that's true. I also can't.]

Even if there's only a little remaining, she also drank it while rubbing her belly.

Drinking alcohol with the oden was delicious, and the remaining oden and alcohol disappeared into their bellies.

[Fuu, it's over in a blink of eye.]

[That's true. The food is delicious after all.]

After drinking the remaining soup until the pot was empty, they lied down.

[Ou, I guess it's getting bigger?]

While laughing, Tatsuji stretched his hand out to Otorā's abdomen and gently stroked it.

[Don't be stupid. It's still early. Okaa-chan said that it will take a year.]

Her husband remembered the old days and laughed a little.

# Chapter 106

## Teriyaki Burger



---

‘Hyiiii’, the wraith raised a voice of resentment as it disappeared, Tatsugorou confirmed that it had completely disappeared before he exhaled, he then wiped his beloved sword with leather cloth and sheathed it.

[It’s done.]

It was not possible to kill wraiths in a normal way, and it was a dangerous monster to fight against even if novice adventurers and mercenaries grouped together, but Tatsugorou trained himself in order to be able to defeat it just by himself.

[Are you okay, young men?]

Hou, he exhaled a breath, while thinking that adventurers wouldn’t be able to defeat it even as a party, he then called out to the three adventurers.

[You saved us, jii-san! I couldn’t cut it at all, and my body wouldn’t move after it touched me, so I thought we are going to die!]

The one who said so cheerfully was a young male warrior wearing a leather armor of not-so-good quality and had a wide sword similar to a hatchet, just a teenager that's starting to mature.

[You're really a great help. I didn't think that that necromancer was strong enough to summon a wraith, we were nearly killed.]

Subsequently, the one who said so was a young male who covered his whole body with thick durable clothes suitable for a long journey, he carried a leather-bound book and a large staff like a magician.

[We appreciate your help... even so, your swordsmanship is really different, to think that you can defeat a wraith even without using magic, you must be really skillful.]

The one who said so was a boy slightly older than the others, he was a knight-like boy wearing good-quality steel armor on top of his tailored clothes, and he also had a steel sword that seemed to be custom-made by a blacksmith with good skill.

Apparently he seemed to have figured out who Tatsugorou was.

(I guess he's a noble that trains his swordsmanship, the other one is an apprentice magician and... un?)

Tatsugorou seemed to have seen the three boys who had the atmosphere that they were adventurers before, he then remembered and tilted his head.

[Umu. No need to worry. I try to help as much as I can by using my swordsmanship whenever people are troubled... I haven't told you guys my name, huh. My name is Tatsugorou. A wandering swordsman.]

[Oo! As I thought!]

They who he had seen somewhere before though he didn't know their names, the boy who seemed to be the most talented said so with sparkling eyes.

Apparently he seemed to know various stories about Tatsugorou.

(This reminds me of Fried Shrimp... oo, right.)



At the same time as he remembered a knight he was acquainted with several years ago and was now a regular of the restaurant, Tatsugorou remembered where he saw these boys.

[That's it. You guys... you're the children that frequented otherworld dining hall right?]

Hearing Tatsugorou's words, they were surprised.

[Jii-san... no, Tatsugorou-san! You know about otherworld dining hall!?!]

The one who said so was the first boy.

The boy was surprised and asked Tatsugorou.

[Jack! You're being rude you know!? Forgive my companion...]

[What, I don't mind it. I'm just a mercenary. No more, no less.]

The first boy... who apparently was called Jack, was warned by his good-looking companion, Tatsugorou recalled his original words and said.

[Today's Satur's Day, I think I will go to that restaurant now, do you guys want to come? What, don't worry about the money. I don't mind treating you guys.]

The three nodded at the same time to his question.

(Youth indeed. Would it be like this if I have a son, no, grandchildren?)



Seeing them, Tatsugorou, who left his hometown since he was young and never had a wife or a son before, felt his chest warmed up a little bit.

‘Chirinchirin’, the bell sound rang as usual, Tatsugorou felt nostalgic hearing it.

[Welcome... eh? Tatsugorou-san, are you with Jack-kun and his friends?]

[Umu, just a little bit of a tour.]

[Ou! Long time no see, Aletta-oneechan!]

[I’m glad that you’re fine.]

[We haven’t visited yet since we became adventurers, but you seem to be unchanged, more than anything.]

To Aletta who welcomed them, Tatsugorou and the boys (Jack was the leading warrior, the magician was Kein, and the good-looking boy was Terry) greeted Aletta.

(I think I haven’t visited much lately.)

In this situation, Tatsugorou remembered that he also came here for the first time in a while.

He would visit if he happened to pass by a door during Satur’s Day like today.

Because he was like that, sometimes he didn’t visit for many months if he didn’t come across a door.

For Tatsugorou, the otherworld dining hall was such a place.

[If that’s the case, I will show you all to the same table.]

Just like what Aletta said, the four was seated at the same table.

[...Eh? There’s a new waitress.]

[That’s true. Err, is she a human?]

[It seems so. Looking at her features, doesn’t she resemble the people of Western Continent similar to the rumours?]

Looking at the boys who looked around the restaurant with sparkling eyes, Tatsugorou felt a bit nostalgic.

(Aa, that's right. They resemble me when I just started to travel.)

Though he was the successor of his family headship, he was ashamed that he was disinterested in it though he was the oldest son, after listening to a travelling poet that came from the Eastern Continent about the battle against demons, he left his hometown to become like the great hero hailing from the Temple of Darkness that killed the demon king, he used his meager travelling expense to go to the sea, after that, he took odd jobs as a sailor of a ship in order to travel to the Eastern Continent, that was many decades ago.

However, he could still vividly remember his “first adventure” at the continent beyond.

(Well, they are going to be good adventurers... mu?)

While feeling nostalgic, he flipped through the menu and found a name of a dish he had never seen before, but he was attracted to the name.

[What is this? Teriyaki burger?]

[The name is similar to hamburger. What kind of dish is this?]



[I can't tell what kind of dish this is just by the name alone.]

The boys also noticed the same dish and they looked at each other.

[Aa, waitress, can we trouble you a bit?]

[Yes? How may I help you?]

If there's something that's not understood, it's better to ask.

Thinking that, Tatsugorou called the passing by newly hired waitress.

[What kind of dish is this teriyaki burger? I can guess from the name that it's similar to teriyaki chicken.]



Hearing his question, the human waitress with features that reminded him of his hometown and wore otherworld costume pondered a little before replying.

[It's about teriyaki burger is it? Err, this teriyaki burger is a new menu.

We make it by combining minced pork and beef meat to make the patty and bake it with sweet teriyaki sauce that's used for teriyaki chicken.

Besides that, we also add the sour mayonnaise sauce and shredded cabbage, and sandwiched it all between breads. A, we also add slices of raw onions in order to make it spicier, so for people that dislikes spicy foods, we can exclude it.]

Apparently, this newly hired waitress was more familiar with this dish and responded clearly to his question.

[Hou. That sounds delicious... I'll order that. I would like to order cold tea too as my beverage.]



[Me too, me too! I want to try it after I hear that!]

[I would like to order the same thing. A, I would like to order coke for my drink.]



[The same thing for me.]

The three boys also ordered the same thing after hearing the explanation.

[Yes, please wait a moment.]

After writing on a board that she retrieved from her waist pocket, the waitress retreated to the kitchen.

(Well, I wonder what kind of dish will come out...)

While watching her retreating back, Tatsugorou wondered.

While waiting for the food to come, Tatsugorou exchanged words with the three boys.

[Tatsugorou-san is that Tatsugorou right!]

Though he had poor equipment, Jack who was on the verge of becoming an adult was the most accustomed to fighting and asked Tatsugorou who was the main character of bards' tales with shining eyes.

[Aa, don't believe the minstrels' songs. When I heard that I took down 10 or 20 trolls alone, I almost shouted "it's a lie".]

If he remembered correctly, he only killed 8 of them.

Not only was it embarrassing just to listen to songs that praised his journey, his achievements had been exaggerated, so he felt embarrassed once or twice and often smiled wryly.

[Still, during prayers, I heard the rumours that the only people that could vanquish wraiths without using magic are the Sword God Alexander and Tatsugorou-san, so it's really true.]

Kein, who was more slender than the other two and was a wizard with intelligent gleam in his eyes, said so while interestedly looking at his sheathed sword that hung from his waist.

[No, that's not true. This sword is merely imbued with magical power by an elven acquaintance of mine, so it can kill even the undead. Anyone can do so with this sword with a little training.]

[I see.]

Hearing his serious answer, Kein nodded while feeling satisfied.

[However, to think that you're a regular of this restaurant. I didn't notice.]

Finally, the boy dressed like a knight and seemed to be a better warrior than the other



two said so while looking around the bright interior.

[Umu, I too didn't think that the regulars of this restaurant would be travelling around as adventurers. I meet unexpected people at unexpected places. That's why travelling life is interesting.]

The experience of encountering unfamiliar customers of this restaurant in their world was a rare experience for long-time regulars like Tatsugorou.

That's why, this unexpected encounter was interesting.

[Thank you for waiting. I've brought your orders of teriyaki burger.]

While they were talking, the waitress brought a tray filled with teriyaki burgers and glasses of cold tea and cola.

[Umu, thank you... well, gentlemen, today is my treat. Let's eat before it gets cold.]

With his eyes narrowing due to the fragrant scent drifting from the teriyaki burger, Tatsugorou said so to the boys.

As it was, their eyes were also nailed to the dish and they nodded silently, their meal time then started.

On top of the white plate was the dish called teriyaki burger with French fries as the garnish.





Sandwiched between the fragrant light brown bread with white seeds were otherworld vegetable called cabbage, a bit yellowish white sauce, and the round and thick dark meat patty.

The same small soft paper as the one placed on the table was placed on its bottom to prevent the hand from getting dirty.

(This meat is seasoned with the same sauce used for teriyaki chicken.)

Tatsugorou reached for the food and picked the burger up.

Sauce dripped down from the burger and the sweet teriyaki fragrance drifted to his nose.

While enjoying the smell, he opened his mouth and chomped down onto the burger that was lightly wrapped with paper.

(Oo, this is very...)

As he bit down, the first he tasted was the soft sweetness of the bread. The bread had crisp and fragrant surface and was soft in the inside.

Following after that was the crispy texture of fresh cabbage and Oranie. The otherworld vegetables provided texture without adding bitterness or grassy smell, the sliced raw Oranie also provided vivid pungent taste.

The taste of sweet teriyaki sauce complimented the flavor of raw vegetables and the

white sauce with soft acidity.

(If I remember correctly, this is called mayonnaise...)

Mayonnaise seemed to be the sauce that some regulars really liked. He usually ordered teriyaki chicken so he never tried it much, but it really fit well with the teriyaki burger.

(This meat is really the protagonist of the teriyaki burger.)

And the center of the burger is the meat.

Perhaps this dish had a hamburger on its name because it's similar to the hamburger dish that the boys liked. The minced meat was rounded and then baked like a meat dumpling.

(The softness is really good.)

The minced meat was really soft and contained plenty of meat juice. Sometimes, he would chew upon the cartilage included in the patty. The crunchy texture was really delicious.

(And it really suits the teriyaki sauce.)

The meat juice of this patty was sweet, and it was not beaten by the strong flavor of teriyaki sauce. And by eating it together with the fragrant bread and fresh crunchy vegetables, teriyaki burger was completed.

(Umu, this is really delicious...)

In a blink of eye, he finished his teriyaki burger, ate all of the French fries and drank his cold tea, Tatsugorou then thought.

This teriyaki burger, it's delicious. It's delicious, but...

[This, I would like to try this with rice.]

Such words leaked out.

It was delicious when eaten with bread, and as he ate bread ever since he crossed the sea, he was not opposed to it, but if it's teriyaki, he preferred to eat this with rice.

[Un. Teriyaki burger is nice, but I prefer the usual hamburger.]

[Really? I think that teriyaki burger is more delicious. Un, I like this one better than hamburger.]

[Even the meat of this hamburger alone is enough for a treat. I think it's delicious enough to be eaten alone.]

They finished eating almost at the same time as Tatsugorou, they then exchanged their opinions.

(Aa, this is nice sometimes.)

While thinking so, Tatsugorou called the waitress for another order.

(Next time, I'll order this with rice, and I've heard such a dish would appear on daily special sometimes.)

Looking at the boys preparing for another order, Tatsugorou pondered on his next order.

# Chapter 107

## Assortment of waffles



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During Satur's Day, after alternatively eating lunch, Aletta was given a break time.

Located next to the kitchen and lined beside the shower room and locker room was a room with simple table and chairs and a "clock" that had 2 needles which revolved around its round surface, Aletta was sitting on the chair and was befuddled with something.

(I, have to work hard... I, can't do it like Saki-san.)

While Aletta was taking a break, right now, Saki who was working suddenly came into her mind.

Saki was the niece of the owner that was just recently hired, she did serving work like Aletta and worked as the owner's cooking assistant too.



Since she said that she just became an adult when she was introduced, Saki who was probably younger than Aletta seemed to be very smart and was able to do anything from Aletta's point of view.

Saki was a waitress but her goal was to become a chef. In the morning during preparation time, she would help the owner by peeling the vegetables and other tasks, though they were simple tasks compared to the owner's food preparation, she still helped him nonetheless.

Furthermore, since Saki was an otherworlder like the owner, she had studied in a place called "school" and was smart compared to Aletta. She could write characters of other world and never made a mistake on calculation unlike Aletta whose calculation couldn't be trusted.

Needless to say, Aletta also had a pride of her own, she was better at working now that she had worked for a reasonable amount of time, she was polite and was good at carrying the trays of food when she delivered the orders.

Ever since she was hired here, she had done almost all of the customer service for various people of her own world.

Still, when she saw that Saki was able to write, did calculations that Aletta couldn't understand at all and answered the customers' question about the menu in detail, Aletta sometimes felt that she was inferior and unneeded.

Because of such circumstances, Aletta was not very friendly with Saki.

[Good work. I'm so tired. Is it fine to sit next to you?]

[...A, etto, sure.]

So, when Saki came bringing a Flying Puppy box and 2 cups with handles, and asked if it's okay to sit next to her, Aletta had no choice but to nod.

[Un, then I'll sit. And here, ojii-san told me that you like cocoa, is this okay?]



Saki did not hesitate to sit next to Aletta and handed her one of the cups.

Smelling the sweet scent of cocoa, Aletta relaxed for a while and recalled that Saki was sitting next to her.

[...Etto, that, thank you very much.]

[N~, it's fine, it's fine. Don't worry so much. I just want to be friends with Aletta.]

To Aletta's stiff expression, Saki responded cheerfully. For Saki, Aletta was a workmate that she wanted to get along with. Anyway, she was Saki's first otherworld acquaintance and was a colleague during Saturdays when there's only 2 other workmates other than her.

[E? That, friends, is it?]

However, Aletta heard such unexpected words from Saki. Certainly there were people who care about Aletta like Sarah and Shia, and the owner too, but that's because Aletta was an employee of otherworld dining hall, she never had a casual friendship relationship like what Saki asked for.

That's why Aletta was confused and didn't know what to do.

[That's right. Maa, if Aletta doesn't want to be friends with me then that's fine, but I want us to eat from the same pot<sup>1</sup>. Also, during Saturdays only you and my uncle are my work colleagues, so I want us to get along.]

Aletta was puzzled by Saki's passionate words.

From the start, Aletta was not a frightening existence for Saki. She regarded her as a colleague that was born and raised outside of Japan.

Although she was a demon, she was not a bloody and scary existence that liked sacrifices and fighting like those portrayed in cartoons and animations, and she did not look different from an ordinary foreigner girl with the exception of her horns.

That's why it was Saki's impression that it was easier for her to associate her as a foreigner attending the same university and was able to speak Japanese perfectly.

[If, it that's the case... then, please take care of me once again.]

It seemed that Saki's feelings was transmitted, Aletta acknowledged of being friends with Saki and laughed awkwardly.

[Un, best regards.]

Hearing her response, Saki laughed. Though Aletta's expression was still stiff, that's a future matter.

[Well, as a symbol of our acquaintanceship... here, let's eat together.]

Keeping her smile, Saki opened the box she bought with employee discount.

[E? ...This, is this a cake perhaps?]

Looking at the inside, Aletta's eyes became round.

Inside the box were a yellow confection tinged light brown, a cocoa confection, and the same confection coloured slightly pink, all of them had cream sandwiched in between.



They were similar to the cakes that the priestesses, nobles and the female demon mercenaries liked to eat.

[N~, it's close but it's different.]

She picked up one of the three confections, sandwiched in between was yellow custard.

These set of three kinds were specially sold only for that day at the Flying Puppy.

She bought it because it looked very tasty, but as one would expect, eating all of it by herself would be too much calories, so she decided to share half of it.

[This is waffles. I like it when it's still freshly made and warm, but it's also delicious when it's cold and moist.]

While telling the name, Saki presented the waffle she had torn to half to Aletta.

[No need to hold back. I want to share half of these with Aletta-chan.]

Timidly, Aletta peered at Saki, Saki smiled to urge her to eat.

[Then, O God of Demons... wrong, thank you Saki-san.]

Feeling confused, Aletta prayed a little strangely and took the half of waffle Saki gave to her, she then bit it.

Such a waffle entered her mouth softly.

The fluffy soft material was slightly sweet. The taste of eggs and milk was packed into the material and the sweet cream had soft egg flavour. The sweetness of cream dotted with black raisins that contained the aroma and bittersweet taste of alcohol made Aletta reflexively lowered her vigilance and her face loosened.

(...Really, this is very delicious.)

It was after she came to the otherworld dining hall that she learned that eating delicious food was such an enjoyable thing. And when she ate delicious food, her face would naturally loosen.

(Un, un, this girl really eats food deliciously.)

Saki thought that Aletta was the cutest when she ate delicious food, she then tore the second waffle to half.

Aletta received the half naturally.

This time, it was dark brown with black cream inside.

(A, this, is it a chocolate confection?)

Seeing the colour, Aletta bit down while imagining the flavor of her favourite hot chocolate.

[...U. A bit bitter...?]

That's why she was surprised when it had a different taste than what she expected.

That waffle was sweet. Of course it's sweet, but she could taste bitterness in it.

The bitterness complimented the sweetness of chocolate that's stronger than other confectionaries she had eaten.

[A, is bitter no good?]

As it seemed, Saki asked Aletta whether she had failed or not.

But then Aletta took another bite and said her impression with a smile.

[No! It's bittersweet... I think this is really delicious!]

She could taste the sweetness better due to the bitter taste. Aletta certainly liked this flavor.

[Un, un. Then this is the last. This one is raspberry flavor.]

As she said so, Saki divided the last one to two and gave half to Aletta.

The waffle was pink in colour and its cream was mixed with raspberry giving it a beautiful pink colour as well.

Aletta received and ate it without being confused, she then was surprised by the taste.

This time it was sweet.

There's a little sourness, but it's sweet enough to win over it.

...Immediately after that, she tasted sourness.

The small berries mixed in the cream were more sour than sweet.

And the sourness refreshed her mouth and immediately afterwards she could taste the sweetness of cream.

(This, it's sweet, but it's also sour...)

Sweet and sour. The two flavors alternated. It was exquisite when she ate it with the slightly sweet and sour waffle that wrapped the filling's flavors gently.

By eating these three different kind of not just sweet waffles, Aletta smiled naturally.

While watching her face and drinking hot milk, Saki also smiled.



Saki liked to eat delicious food, but Saki thought that it's fun to see someone eating food deliciously.

(Next time, I'll share something else with her.)

To that smile, Saki thought such thing.

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TN: This author must really like rum raisin flavour. I can't find any pictures of rum raisin waffles.

1. 同じ釜の飯を食った仲 – to eat from the same pot, a Japanese idiom meaning to live together and/or to become close friends, Saki means that she wants them to be close friends.

# Chapter 108

## Croquette Once Again



---

Training at the courtyard of a small mansion located at the outskirts of official capital city of Principality was a daily routine of Alphonse, a former general of Principality, yesterday, he had specially invited a “guest” that had heated up the capital city.

The spear was thrust repeatedly like a rain of arrows, waiting for a gap in the defense to finish the fight in one blow.

Even though he was old now, Alphonse was one of the best martial artists in the Principality and he was a master that could even beat the strongest knight of the Principality that currently served as the captain of the imperial guard, currently he was looking at the deceptively-young man in front of him.

Occasionally, the pole that imitated a spear would graze his opponent’s arms and legs, but that man was still youthful and had first-class skill after training to the point of

foolishness. If this wasn't a mock battle and was a real one instead, he would have to give up an arm to gamble for a win.

And even then, the chance was only a 50-50.

(Indeed, this is troublesome. I'm not familiar with this old martial art...)

Seeing the figure of the man who was as youthful as knight apprentice and wielded his spear terrifyingly, he was reminded of the words circulated among the mercenaries and adventurers.

Watch out for the warriors with long ears. Do not be fooled by their appearances.

Having a longer life-span than humans, the elves and half-elves that became adventurers and mercenaries wielded rare sword and bow skills.

They accumulated their training in their long life-span and honed their skills. Humans were already old when they polished their skills enough, and they had lost their youthful power and agility.

In the case of elves and half-elves however, they were formidable warriors having both experienced techniques and youthful strength after tempering it at the battlefields of war.

Nearly 100 years old, the half-elf "former general" in front of him, was someone of that kind.

(However, it goes against my pride to just be laid upside down on the ground here!)

Alphonse's fighting spirit continued to burn though his body was gradually becoming tired and dull fighting against the man who did not even feel a bit fatigued from this mock battle. He had survived for 20 years in that island, so he would fight to the bitter end. He had no intention to admit his lost just like that.

The other party probably saw that Alphonse won't give up and realized his intention.

From the position of counterattacking against Alphonse's strikes, he then moved to an offensive position. And then...

[...It's a draw.]

[Ee. This is a draw.]

They laughed when their weapons were poised at each other's throat.

After changing their sweat-soaked clothes, they chatted.

[As expected of the Empire's prided "shield", such a splendid skill.]

Alphonse said while laughing to a man who wore durable, though not glamorous, clothes.

The man in front of him... Elmer was a former general of long military service, and was once praised as the Empire's "sword" and feared by the demon king Altina.

Elmer who was originally the gatekeeper that protected the mansion of the former empress Adelheid was very trusted by the former emperor Wilhelm due to his history, he was a soldier with solid spear techniques without any flashiness after training for a long time, he was the man that was regarded as the symbol of the Empire's martial arts for a long time.

[Nay, after I resigned from my position, I had nothing to do but to train.]

[Ee. I was quite surprised by it... if I was you my lord, I would still be a general.]

Elmer's smile was a bit pained, seeing so, Alphonse enquired again.

From what he saw, Elmer did not experience any weakening of skills. He could still serve as a general with his bright intelligence and technique.

That's the reason for his question.

[...It is the law of the Empire. When His Majesty appointed me as the head of the imperial army, I enacted it. The generals and ministers cannot be in their positions for more than 50 years. After 50 years had passed, I gave up my position.]

Elmer answered Alphonse's question with a bitter smile.

It was a law that did not make sense for their human colleagues. Any human being, after 50 years had passed, would grow old and usually retire before that.

But there were exceptions. Half-elves like Elmer were one of them. If they got into that position, it's unlikely they would retire as their peak age lasted more than a hundred years. Therefore their complete ability was preserved.

[...Aa, I see. It's to prevent the rebirth of the Old Kingdom, isn't it.]

Alphonse was convinced and nodded to Elmer's words. Alphonse did not know that such a law existed in the Empire, but he understood the intent at once.

In any case, the Kingdom was a country that was born out of the Old Kingdom which was destroyed because a half-elf became the king. He understood immediately the reason why the law was enacted.

...When he was summoned for his report after his return, in the immediate vicinity of the current public king who was a child not yet an adult before he was washed up at that island, he especially remembered his surprise upon seeing the face of a regular of the "otherworld dining hall".

[Ee. That's why, I'm no longer a general of the Empire, just a mere root of a grass.

My son also said that he thought I was dead already.]

Elmer said so somewhat proudly when he asserted his resignation. He was not attached to that position and seemed to be enjoying his circumstances.

[Is that so... then, as congratulation to Elmer-sama's departure, tomorrow, how about I treat you to a feast?]

Alphonse honestly wanted to congratulate Elmer. Satur's Day would be the most suitable for that.

'Chirinchirin', while the sound of bell reverberated, Elmer looked around the place where Alphonse brought them to.

[Here... such a mysterious place.]

Though Elmer had been to various places as the Empire's general, he had never been to such a place before.

In the morning after breakfast, he and Alphonse travelled together on horseback and arrived at a ghost town with nothing around just before noon.

However, there was a beautiful black door with a cat picture on it, and when they came through the door, they arrived at a mysterious room... Alphonse called it the "otherworld dining hall".

[Welcome. This way please.]

As he looked around, a female demon that was perhaps this restaurant's waitress guided them.

[Umu, much obliged. Aa, bring us the menu. I want to order my usual, but bring us a copy.]

Alphonse, on the other hand, was used to this and sat down while asking for a menu.

...Since curry rice was a special dish, he thought it was not good to order it for a first-time customer like Elmer.

[I have already decided what to order, so take your time choosing.]

That's why Alphonse sat back relaxedly and waited quietly to not hinder Elmer.

(Well, what should I order... oo, there's substantial amount of Empire cuisine.)

Elmer turned the book with the names and brief descriptions of cuisines and decided what to order.

His eyes naturally gravitated towards the name of a familiar Empire dish... the dish made using the Cobbler's fruit that His Majesty, someone he had known from when he was still a baby until the day he saw him off to the netherworld, had brought back.

[I have decided. This, I'll have the croquette combination platter.]

Seeing the emperor's favourite food served as daily special, he decided to order it from all the selection.

[Is that so. Waitress, we would like to order.]

[Ye~s, please wait a moment.]

When Alphonse called, the waitress whose appearance resembled the people of Western Continent answered.

[I would like a huge serving of curry rice... how about you Elmer?]

[Aa, right. For me, croquette.]

[Yes. Your orders are a huge serving of curry rice and croquette. Would you like bread and soup with the croquette?]

[Yes, I leave it to you.]

While listening to their orders, she wrote the down on the board familiarly and then



said with a smile.

[Very well, please wait a moment.]

The waitress then retreated to the kitchen.

[But, croquette huh.]

As he said so, Alphonse softened his expression.

His eyes had a nostalgic gleam.

[Ee. I've been eating it until I left the Empire. I never thought that there is a same dish in another world.]

Elmer replied despite not knowing the meaning of Alphonse's nostalgic look.

The Cobbler's fruit was a memorable food of Elmer's deceased lord.

[Indeed, that emperor who came back from a ride brought it back, he said that he was fortunate enough to obtain it and said he wanted to cultivate it.]

That was an unforgettable memory from back Elmer was still a general.

One day, the emperor brought back a mysterious crop. That was the Cobbler's fruit.

With the soil still attached, inside a mysterious sack that was as transparent as water, he showed it first to the court gardener to cultivate it in order to find out what kind of plant it would grow into, after that the Cobbler's fruits were then planted in various different environments such as sunny or shaded places, moist soil or dry soil, fertile lands or non-fertile lands, the emperor was also surprised that the plant was a remarkably resilient crop.

Then the emperor ordered for the Cobbler's fruit to be cultivated as it was an important crop that could feed the increasing number of the Empire's citizens and dyed the Empire's wastelands into green.

For Elmer who had watched over the process, the Cobbler's fruit and the dishes made using it were as memorable as the battlefields he had passed through with the emperor who had not wrinkled yet and was still the handsome young man beside his mother.

[...Certainly, even the Principality had heard that it was amazing.]

Alphonse had also heard that the Cobbler's fruit was the trump card of the Empire,

not to mention it was also indispensable for curry rice.

In a plot of land that had become thin after a lot of its vitality was consumed, the Cobbler's fruit that deliciously filled one's belly was able to be planted in wastelands where wheat cultivation was not possible, it was the greatest strength of the Empire that was cut out from battles of battlefields, truly suitable for a country that had a lot of wastelands not suitable for planting wheat.

[Thank you for waiting. Here are your large serving of curry rice and daily special of croquette. For today's set meal, the triangle shape is curry croquette, the square shape is meat croquette while the ellipse shape is ordinary potato croquette. For the potato croquette's sauce, I recommend to pair it with the black sauce in the blue bottle.]

While the waitress said such, she placed down the plates.

In front of Alphonse was some brown sauce on top of something white, and in front of Elmer was the croquette he ordered.



(Hou, this is... is it truly croquette?)

Elmer tilted his head a bit, looking at the fresh piping hot croquettes.

Pale yellow soup, soft bread, light green vegetables with bright red little fruits on top of the plate, and three lumps also on the plate.

They were probably croquettes... they were different from the Empire's croquette which were coated with flour dissolved in water and then fried in oil that Elmer knew, but they seemed to be delicious.

(Anyway, I shall partake.)

But, the fragrance drifting from the croquettes indicated they were fried in fresh oil. A scent without old oily smell. And its sizzling sound sounded appetizing. Elmer picked up a fork and knife and started to eat.

For the time being, the knife was pushed into what was called meat croquette, the coating was torn apart with crisp feeling.



The inside was dark brown, and he could see plenty of orange fragments, pieces of fine meat, thick mushrooms and other things.

He cut a bite size and carried it into his mouth.

(Oya, this is really delicious.)

The croquette in his mouth was crunchy and the texture was pleasant when he chewed.

From inside the coating, the Cobbler's fruit crumbled and spilled.

The Cobbler's fruit had distinctive flavor that even the long-lived Elmer had never tasted. It was salty and a bit sweet. The meat juice overflowing from the minced meat,

the sweetness of cooked Oranie and Caryute that was not found in fruits, furthermore, the black mushrooms that absorbed the meat juice.

While chewing on the fairly sweet croquette, he reached for the leafy vegetable.

The fresh leafy vegetables were crunchy. The refreshing taste disappeared, carrying the flavor of croquette with it, and then the process repeated again.

(Un. I guess I can expect something similar from the others.)

He was convinced by the light and crunchy coating along with the tastefully seasoned inside, he then decided to eat the triangle shaped curry croquette next.



He cut it the same way and carried it to his mouth.

(Oya, this is... a bit spicy.)

Subsequently, the next croquette he ate was a bit spicy. It seemed that a lot of spices were mixed in, creating a complex spicy flavor.

The ingredients included were green beans, minced meat and minced Oranie. They could be seen among the brownish yellow Cobbler's fruit.

(To utilize valuable spices this way...)

In the Empire that only had one harbor in the country, spices were more valuable than other commodities. This croquette where spices were abundantly used was



something that had not been seen in the Empire where extravagant luxury was restrained.

(However, it's delicious.)

However, it was not a dish where spices were randomly added. It was fragrant and spicy enough to make him want to drink water, but it was not painfully spicy.

It increased his appetite and made him want to eat more.

While he enjoyed the spiciness, he reached for the bread. He took the fluffy and soft bread with light brown crust and ate it. This bread with soft and sweet flavor pleasantly intersected with the spicy croquette flavor.

(...Well, lastly.)

He finished eating the two and reached for the last croquette.

Oval shaped potato croquette... it's the closest to the croquette which Elmer knew.



(Un. As I thought.)

He ate it without adding anything first, and then his face loosened.

The two previous odd croquettes were good, but when it came to croquettes, Elmer preferred the simple Cobbler's fruit croquette.

A rustic croquette containing mashed Cobbler's fruit, Oranie and minced meat,



seasoned with salt and pepper.

But it was a fine treat as it was still freshly fried and made with good quality ingredients.

(Then, vinegar... is it this blue bottle?)

After his first bite, he picked up the blue bottle that the waitress recommended earlier. It was common in the Empire to pour a bit of vinegar onto croquettes.

If it's too much, the flavor would mess up, but if just a little bit, the taste would tightened.

(...Oya, this is considerably black...)

When he gently tilted the bottle, Elmer was confused by the flowing black vinegar. It was different from what he expected.

He dipped his fork to the black vinegar and licked it.

(...Hou! This is...)

Elmer was surprised by the deep flavor and raised his eyebrows. Flavours of various ingredients and spices were added to the acidity of the vinegar giving it a complex taste.

It fit well with the croquette with simple seasoning and made a different taste.

(I see... I understand why the emperor likes this.)

While tasting it, Elmer remembered something the emperor had said.

It was a memory from when the emperor decided to abdicate after Her Highness Adelheid was born, and he built a mansion as his last residence.

He laughed and said that the reason why he built the mansion in the countryside was not just to depart from the capital city so as to not be involved in politics after he yielded the throne to his son.

—There are some things that are not available even if I have the power of our country... someday, I'll take you there after you resign and become just Elmer.

At that time he did not know what it was and the emperor departed to the netherworld before fulfilling his promise, but now he knew.

A restaurant with foreign world cuisine, similar to the Empire's cuisine.

It was certainly not a coincidence.

He was quickly convinced that his thoughts were not a mistake... 'Chirinchirin', with the sound of bell, he saw a beautiful face similar to the appearance of his first love from long ago.

As they left the restaurant, Elmer chatted with Alphonse. About the present, and about the future.

[Hou, so you're going to cross the continent.]

[Yes.]

Among them, Elmer talked about his decision.

[As the general of the Empire, I had seen almost all of the Eastern Continent, so now I'll go to the Western Continent.]

—I want to keep watching over the princess who would be married to that country's crown prince.

While hiding such a thought.

# Chapter 109

## Chinese Porridge



---

It was late night, when the customers had ceased to come at 9 p.m., the business hours of otherworld dining hall was now finished.

[Well then, I'll come again.]

[[Thank you very much.]]

When the two regulars that always left last went through the door while lightly carrying huge silver pots, Saki and Aletta saw them off and the atmosphere became relaxed.

[Yosh! Good job today, Aletta.]

[Yes, thank you for your hard work, Saki-san.]

The two people thanked each other for their work. It had been 3 months since Saki started to work at the restaurant. The awkwardness that lingered between them when she just started had completely disappeared and they were now open to each other.

[Well then, let's eat dinner, after that we can go home after we finish the cleaning up.]

[I agree. I feel hungry. Today the master...]

It was when they were happily chatting. 'Chirinchirin', the sound of bell announced the arrival of a customer.

The roads that connected the port town of Kingdom had been developed as crucial roads that carried the trade of the Kingdom.

The roads were maintained, a number of people like trade merchants that carried their carriages full of luggage, knights and officials riding their horses, and adventurers and mercenaries that were hired as guards used those roads.

There were many prospering cities by the highway roads, those prosperous and crowded cities received their income from their inns, taverns and red-light districts.

Ulric was a former mercenary; he lived in one of those cities beside the highway.

About three years ago, he decided to retire there after he fell in love with a woman he met with at a city, bought with his former mercenary's skill and experience, though defeating hoodlums only provided him with cheap salary, there was only little danger living in the city so he could live his life peacefully.

...And it was often that the troubles were brought to the guards at parliament.

Ulric reflexively frowned after hearing the request of the man in front of him.

[Haa? You want me to find a restaurant?]

Hearing Ulric's words, before his eyes, the old man with white moustache {TN: or beard, not sure} named Soujun nodded.

[That's right. I want you to find that restaurant.]

He said so to Ulric.

Everything started 3 days ago, this old man seemed to have entered a certain restaurant on the way home after drinking a large amount of alcohol at his acquaintance's house.

Perhaps it's inevitable but Soujun was served a dish that he had longed to eat for many years, and then he now wished to eat it again, but there's a problem.

[Because I drank a lot of alcohol that day...]

While making his excuse, Soujun gazed at Ulric.

[...So after you ate something, before you notice it, you woke up at the storeroom of my house, and so you don't remember where the restaurant was.]

Ulric knew what Soujun was trying to say by following the flow.

[That's right. I remember eating delicious rice porridge, but I don't remember anything other than that.]

Yes, the old man in front of him did not remember where the restaurant was at all because of his intoxicated state.

His children had left the home and furthermore, his wife had died several years ago, so now he lived alone.

As a result, nobody knew where the restaurant was.

[But jii-san, you know that it is a restaurant in this town right? Why do you come to me?]

[No, it's different.]

Ulric thought that one could find a restaurant in the town by asking around, Soujun then shook his head.

[That day, I drank until late night... if there's no moonlight, perhaps I couldn't return home.]

[...I see. Certainly, there is no restaurant that's open that late.]

Hearing Soujun's words, Ulric was convinced.

Even if this was a flourishing inn town, there's no restaurant that's still open at midnight, the only stores that's still operating at that time were in the red-light district.

If the time was when the sky was darkening and night was approaching, the restaurant could be anywhere, even the taverns served simple meals, but the time was later than that.

[I remembered a little that the inside of the restaurant was as bright as the middle of the day even though it was already midnight.]

Even if his memory was blurry, he remembered about being in bright place where he could see the wood grains of the restaurant's table.

It should be a conspicuous restaurant, but he did not know about it, that's why Soujun was confused.

[I understand the story, but it's difficult, jii-san. This might be beyond me.]

Ulric who heard the story replied with a sigh.

He had never heard of such a place ever since he settled down in this town.

Perhaps he was too drunk and saw it in his dreams.

[...It's no good. Even the guards don't know every detail of the neighborhood.]

It seemed that Soujun had the same thought as Ulric.

Finishing the reminder of the state of affairs, he sighed and stood up while feeling disappointed.

[Maa, I'll tell you if I learn something. Ma, I'll return back to work now. See you.]

Ulric suddenly pitied Soujun's state and said such words.

[Aa, I'm counting on you, young man.]

Soujun smiled a little after hearing Ulric's words, the two then parted.

...It was only a few days later that the promise was fulfilled.

A few days later, Ulric who was travelling around the town caught a thief.

It was the flow of Halfling, with the appearance of an adventurer, named Ted.

He was stealthily trying to sneak into an old man's house when Ulric nonchalantly hoisted him.



[You're wrong! I was just trying to intrude a bit, and I wasn't going to steal!]

So, the Halfling was caught by Ulric and said his excuse, Ulric then asked him.

[So why did you try to creep inside? There's nothing here except for the old man living here you know?]

That said, Ted thought a little and said with reluctant face.

[Actually, a "door" appears in this storeroom. There's no problem before when this was a vacant house, but the old man settled down here several years ago. But the old man here doesn't seem to know it, so I want to use it.]

[A door? What do you mean?]

Ulric then asked for clarification, Ted (it seemed he was a member of an adventurer party that's staying in this town) talked about it.

He then knew. This house... it was the place of the restaurant that Soujun asked about.

And then Soujun, Ulric and Ted were in the usually unused storeroom, facing the door.

The black door with the cat picture was opened, and the tiny bell sound echoed.

At the other side of the door located in the dim storeroom was a bright room, there really was a restaurant.

[Then I'll eat over there! A, keep this a secret from everyone else!]

Ted who guided them on the condition of being given pardon instead of being arrested went to a vacant table and ordered a variety of food to the blonde demon waitress.

[Welcome... e? The jii-san from before?]

Standing in place, a black-haired human waitress noticed Soujun's appearance and said slightly in surprise.

She remembered. He came to the restaurant when he was drunk nearly before closing time, he was satisfied after eating the delicious "employee meal" made by the owner and then returned home.

[Oo! It's here after all! ...No wonder I couldn't find it even after searching the whole

town.]

When he saw the waitress with the nostalgic Western Continent appearance, Soujun finally remembered that day.

That day, when he heard that his old friend, someone who sailed on the same ship back when he was a sailor, had retired to that town, Soujun visited him. As they felt nostalgic, they drank sake made from the precious rice of Western Continent that he obtained as a parting gift when he got off the ship; they drank until late at night.

And when Soujun had mistaken his bed, Soujun entered the restaurant where only the waitresses and owner were left and ordered an unreasonable order thinking that it was a dream or something.

It was said that the owner made a dish using rice that was not found in Eastern Continent for Soujun that felt peckish after drinking alcohol.

[...I understand that it's an unreasonable order, that... I want to order the same dish as last time, can you do it?]

[Etto, please wait a moment. It's a dish that takes time to make, and it's an employee meal in the first place, so I have to ask.]

Hearing Soujun's words, the black haired waitress went to ask the owner and came back after she received her answer.

[One hour... etto, if it's the old unit, then it's half of it? It will take time, but if you're fine with it then it's possible.]

[I understand. Would you like me to wait?]

He did not know how long the time that the waitress said would take, but he heard that it could be served if he waited, so Soujun accepted.

He was an elderly that's free now. There's no problem in waiting for a while.

[...That's the case, guard-san. I shall wait, but what about you?]

[I'll be with you as long as you're here. So I'll just wait while drinking alcohol.]

Ulric decided to keep him company after hearing Soujun's question... the Halfling said that the cuisine here was very delicious, so he was curious about the food and alcohol served here.

[I understand. Then the two of you are here. Can Ulric-san read the letters? We have a

menu that lists our dishes.]

[Aa, I can. Bring me that, and do you have ale?]

[We have no ale. We have beer that's similar to it though.]

[That's fine then, it's suitable to stuff my stomach.]

He sat on the chair while saying so.

After he was served with cloth squeezed with warm water to wipe his hands and cold water with ice and mixed with something like fruit juice, the waitress brought his alcohol.

[Hou! This alcohol is delicious! Nee-chan! Bring me another one!]

Seeing Ulric gulping down the golden ale with white bubbles in the clear glass cup, Soujun's mouth watered.

(Uumu. Patience, patience...)

Soujun who considerably loved alcohol also wanted to drink, but he decided not to drink today.

(That porridge, I shall not muddy my tongue with alcohol before eating that... I will endure it until I eat.)

When he ate the other day, he couldn't remember the taste well because he was drunk. He just remembered that it tasted nostalgic and delicious.

That's why that day he decided not to drink alcohol until he ate the porridge.

And then, the man who seemed to be the owner brought it.

[Thank you for waiting. Here's your Chinese porridge.]

As he said so, the owner placed down a pot holder made of wood, then a thick small-sized clay pot on top of it, and then arranged salted vegetables and golden bread on the side.

[The pot is hot, so please take care not to touch it directly, and please eat using this bowl. The sides are Szechuan pickles<sup>1</sup> and fried bread<sup>2</sup>. Well then, please enjoy.]

Together with those words, he took off the pot lid. Soujun gulped his spit after smelling

the sweet scent.

(Aa, this aroma.)

Different from fruits, the hot steam contained the aroma of cooked rice. Even when he was drunk before, he still remembered the smell.

[...That soup looks delicious.]

[No can do. I have waited to eat this.]

Ignoring the Ulric who wanted to try it, Soujun reached for the porridge.



The porridge was served in a clay pot and a large white spoon accompanied it, he could see chicken meat and curled-up pink Schripe floating in it.

He scooped up the hot, steaming porridge as it was and blew on it before he carried it to his mouth.

(Umu! ...Umu.)

At that moment, Soujun nodded deeply to the taste of porridge spreading in his mouth.

The flavor of salt that's used to delicately season the white porridge mixed with the Schripe and the umami of chicken meat.

The rice that was cooked in oil burst open into blossoms and had light sweetness, it absorbed the soup well and it overflowed every time he chewed.

Chicken skin with its distinctive texture and flavor was mixed into the porridge, and the cut Schirpe provided chewiness to the porridge.

When he ate the other day, Soujun learned deep satisfaction with the taste of porridge which he could only remember as delicious.

(However, this is not all.)

After he enjoyed the taste as it was, he picked up the pickled vegetable called Szechuan pickle that was prepared for the porridge.

In that crunchy texture, Soujun could taste a bit of sourness, saltiness, and a peculiar taste that reminded him of his hometown's fish sauce.

It tasted too strong by itself, but it was delicious when combined with the gentle taste of porridge.

Then he dropped the finely cut fried bread into the porridge and ate it. If he ate it just like that, it had a light flavor, and if he ate it after waiting for the porridge to be absorbed into it, he could enjoy the porridge that now had the flavor of fried bread's oil.

As he continued to eat, the porridge in the pot was eventually gone, only deep satisfaction remained instead.

[Fuu...]

Soujun sighed deeply in satisfaction.

Now that he had finished eating, he would enjoy the alcohol.

That's what he thought.

---

TN: I feel like eating Youtiao. It has so much calories though. orz

1. Zha cai is a type of pickled mustard plant stem originating from Chongqing, China.



2. Youtiao, also known as Chinese fried churros, Chinese cruller, Chinese oil stick, Chinese doughnut, You Char Kway/Cakwe/Cakoi/Kueh/Kuay and fried breadstick, is a long golden-brown deep-fried strip of dough eaten in China and (by a variety of other names) in other East and Southeast Asian cuisines.





# Chapter 110

## Chili Chicken



---

—If you happen to be nearby during Satur’s Day, you should try going to the largest tree of the area. The food there is superb.

Alsace, a travelling minstrel, remembered the words of a fellow travelling bard that he had met in a largish city a long time ago and travelled together with for a while afterwards.

The minstrel who said that to him was a young female Halfling who travelled alone; she sang songs with her immature voice, accompanying Alsace’s musical performance of his small harp.

Their musical performance was received by the audience passing through the plaza

and they made a lot of money, so they travelled together on the condition of splitting the money they made.

After travelling together for half a year, when Alsace chose to stay in a town until spring citing that winter travel was dangerous, she said she would continue her journey and left the city after telling Alsace about the otherworld dining hall that appeared once in 7 days during Satur's Days as a thank you for accompanying her.

(Such an idle gossip, there's no way it's true.)

While pulling at his throbbing leg, he bitterly smiled... to survive, he had no choice but to laugh at his own bad circumstances.

For a bard that travelled alone, the danger of death always lingered during their journey.

If adventurers travelled together as a group or merchants with their carriages were escorted then there would be no problem, but a little injury or a demon would lead to death as it was.

Luckily, a caravan of merchants or adventurers often left the city, so there's that.

A bard's song was like a perishable good, and when their songs were no longer a novelty, their income would sharply decrease. Of course, an experienced bard like Alsace would know a variety of songs, but if one stayed for long, the lack of profit would make it hard to even live day by day.

And when Alsace went on a journey... fallen rocks caused his injury.

It was fortunate that he was not crushed on the spot and die, but it was close to worst scenario when the fragments of the fallen rocks injured his leg.

Although it hurt every step, but it's not like he could barely walk, and it was a wound of the degree that it could be treated in a town or village and would heal in a month, but with the state of his injured leg, food and water would run out first before he could reach human habitation.

Then he would die a dog's death.

Suddenly, when he was driven to the wall, he remembered the words of his former

travelling companion.

Unfortunately, it was not “Satur’s Day” when he passed this place before, so he just continued his journey.

And fortunately, the biggest tree in the area was close enough to the extent he could reach it even with his injured leg.

(I’m not able to move much until the pain somewhat dissipates anyway. So I’ll just rest there.)

Slowly, Alsace advanced step by step while carrying his favourite music instrument on his shoulder.

When he arrived at the big tree, there was indeed a hole big enough to fit in a single adult.

In addition, due to the visitors who “used” this place (it’s probably Halflings that frequently visited this place), the floor was paved with soft grass and there was a small furnace made of stone, it was well-equipped enough to the extent that it could be called a simple camp ground.

(Okay, let’s rest here for a while.)

He was somewhat sheltered from rain and wind inside the tree hole. He could also do simple treatment on his wound.

Alsace who considered such as he entered the hole widened his eyes when he saw the inside.

[What’s this? ...Maybe that’s the door to the restaurant that Airi mentioned?]

Inside the tree hole, there was a black wooden door.

On the surface of the well-polished door was a picture of a cat, an out-of-place door.

It was definitely a door that would lead to the otherworld dining hall he heard from the Halfling poet he had travelled with a long time ago.

[...Okay.]

After thinking a little, he resolved to open the door.

He was lucky enough to reach this place during Satur's Day.

Then he had to go.

That's why, he opened it.

'Chirinchirin', Alsace stepped into the otherworld dining hall while listening to the light sound of bell.

It was a bright room where one wouldn't know whether it was daytime or night, a room without any window.

There was a strange room spreading past the door.

There were foreigners wearing clothes that Alsace who had roamed around the continent had never seen before, there were also lamias, ogres and monsters.

They were seated and ate their own dishes and alcohol, Alsace, who only gnawed on dried piece of meat while he was injured, felt his mouth watering.

[Ano... are you okay? I see that you're injured.]

While he looked around the mysterious room, it was like visiting a city for the first time after coming from a rural town where there was nothing, a voice called out to him.

It was a female with black hair and foreign features, wearing tailored clothes.

While considering whether she was a waitress of this place or not, Alsace replied.

[Ee. My leg is actually injured. If it's fine, I would like to rest for a while here... and if possible, I would appreciate a cup of water and the cheapest dish in this restaurant.]

Although he was afraid that there was no choice as this was an emergency, Alsace thought that it was better to save money even a little.

[...I understand. Please follow me.]

In response to his answer, the waitress guided him to the nearest seat to the entrance.

[Wait a moment then... a, that's right. Customer-san, are you alright with spicy food?]

After confirming that Alsace had sat down on the seat, the waitress inquired.

[Yes? Ee, I don't dislike it...]

He nodded while thinking what kind of dish would come out.

Spicy food... he had eaten a bit of high-class dishes that used spice at port towns.

From that experience, Alsace nodded.

[I understand. Please wait a moment then.]

Nodding to Alsace's words, the waitress returned to the back.

[Ouch... I'm beat. I don't think it's broken since I can walk.]

Sitting the chair, he was relieved from the pain.

Alsace lifted the cuff of his trousers to check on the wound.

[...This is terrible. It's very blue.]

He sighed when he saw that purple bruise was on the place where the stone impacted him. No wonder it hurt every time he walked.

[I don't have medicine with me...]

From his experience, it would be swollen for a while and it would be difficult to walk.

If he went back in this condition, he would die.

He thought so, wondering whether he could ask to stay here or not.

[That's a terrible injury. It's all right now.]

Alsace raised his eyes when someone said so to him, he reflexively exclaimed in surprise.

[Goddess of Light's... high priestess!?!]

A young lady with beautiful blonde hair. The holy seal of Goddess of Light resting on her breast was made of gold.

Made by craftsmen of the temple, the holy symbol made of gold, silver or copper was the proof of those who had the ability to formally obtain the position of priests and priestess in the temple, to wear one even if one did not have the position was a serious crime that could result in death by hanging.

The woman in front of him was definitely a high priest.

If he looked closely, about three girls sitting on a table and looking towards his direction in surprise had silver holy symbols that denoted that they were official priestesses.

Perhaps this woman was their superior.

[Yes... excuse me for a bit.]

Without paying attention to the gazes, the woman quickly kneeled down and placed her cool hand on Alsace's discoloured shin.

[O light that governs the heaven and illuminates us. Please bestow mercy on this person. Heal his wound and give him the power to live tomorrow.]

To those words, pale light flowed into Alsace and his pain disappeared.

[You're okay now.]

He was affected by the light only for a while, but Alsace's wound was perfectly healed.

[Thank, thank you very much...]

Alsace reflexively murmured his gratitude.

When Alsace stopped by a city in his travel, he had been healed by an official priest and a junior priest living in the city after giving them alms, then there was the medicine prescribed by a village's pharmacist that only worked on light injuries, this was the first time he was healed so quickly and by a high priestess too.

[Yes. Please be careful.]

Although he had heard that one could receive high-grade healing from a high priest, he had heard that one had to donate with gold coins to do so, but the high priestess did not ask for anything and merely smiled before returning to her seat.

[Thank you for waiting. Here's your water... also, I brought the first-aid kit... eh?]

After the previous waitress brought a glass of water and a box with green cross on it, she tilted her head after seeing that Alsace's previously pained face was now calm.

[Etto, that... a kind high priestess healed me.]

He told her what happened.



[Na, heal is it... I, I see... the otherworld sure is fantasy.]

As her smiling face twitched after hearing his words, she placed down a pitcher of ice water and a transparent glass cup before pouring the water into the cup.

[Your food is still being made, so please wait for a while longer. Well then, please enjoy.]

That's what she said.

[Fuu...]

Alsace, who was saved from the brink of death due to an unexpected development, sighed and then looked at the water poured into the glass cup.

(I told her that I only need one glass of water...)

Perhaps he would be given an outrageous bill. He felt anxious when he saw that the jug of water had large amounts of ice floating in it.

(No, it should be fine. If it's such a restaurant, Marina<sup>1</sup> wouldn't recommend it.)

He grabbed the glass while shaking off his anxiety, brought it to his mouth and drank.

The cold water that contained refreshing aroma penetrated into his body.

He sweated a lot since he was tired and in pain, so he felt that the water was very tasty.

(This is good...)

He actually felt thankful that a jug of water was brought when he drank.

Every time the cup was empty, he poured more water into it.

When his thirst was finally quenched, the jug was now half empty.

[...I'm hungry.]

When his pain had disappeared and his thirst quenched, he felt hungry now.

Alsace gently rubbed his belly.

[Thank you for waiting. Here's your order of daily special.]

The one who brought his food was not the previous waitress; she was a female demon with blonde hair.

[The bread and the soup, as well as the water are free of charge and refillable, so please don't hesitate to ask for more.]

She said such words while placing down the hot dish.

[Today's daily special is chili chicken... it's bird meat deep fried in oil and then seasoned with spicy sauce.]



The waitress smiled while explaining to the drooling Alsace.

[Please enjoy.]

As soon as the waitress went away, Alsace reached for the food.

He grabbed a fork and stared at the dish.

(This... certainly looks spicy. Do they use Togaran?)

The bite-sized pale brown deep-fried food was coated with plenty of bright red sauce.

The fragrance that drifted with the aroma of meat reminded him of Togaran.

Alsace was reminded of the soup he had eaten at a port town.

It was a soup with chopped Togaran which was imported from the Western Continent; the soup had plenty of chopped vegetables and fish caught at the harbor.



It was very spicy, he remembered that he couldn't sing very well the day he ate it.

(That is...)

However, it would be rude to leave without trying it.

He cleverly cut it with a well-polished knife and brought it to his mouth.

[Oo... this is.]

The voice leaked out unintentionally.

The sauce was certainly spicy, but it was not too spicy.

It also contained a bit of sourness and sweetness, as well as umami.

The sauce complimented the bird meat, it was an appetizing taste.

And also, the bird meat was delicious too.

For a moment, the bird meat concealed beneath the fragrant coating was revealed when he chewed, it was very soft.

A lot of meat juice was contained in the chewy meat; it overflowed each time he chewed.

The meat juice then combined with the spicy sauce and created wonderful combination.

(Now I know why Marina raved about this place.)

After he ate the chili chicken one after another, he felt that it was regrettable to eat everything at once as he ate the fresh crunchy leafy vegetable; he then reached for the bread and soup instead.

He wiped his hands with the hot towel and then grabbed the bread with his bare hands.

The heat of the still warm bread transferred to his hands, the slightly warm bread tasted sweet and was soft.

(This... it doesn't fill my belly that much, but it's delicious.)

When he finished eating the soft bread, he then tried the soup.

Brown coloured, the seasoning of the soup reminded him of fish sauce and there were a crisp thinly cut white vegetable and a soft yellow ingredient in it.

(Is this egg...?)

Alsace, who ate the crisp vegetable and then tried the yellow ingredient that he couldn't recognize, he then understood its identity due to its soft flavor.

Perhaps the egg was scrambled in the hot soup.



This was soft and easily passed through his throat.



(Well, next is the chili chicken... un?)

Alsace noticed that when he ate the slightly colder chili chicken, the taste was different from the previous one.

The coating was no longer crispy as the sauce had been soaked in, the sauce blended with the coating that was as soft as the meat now instead.

As he chewed, the oil and meat juice contained in the coating mixed with the spicy sauce, giving the sauce a different flavor.

(I see, this too... is delicious.)

While contemplating whether crispy coating or soft coating tasted better, Alsace gently placed down his fork.

It was satisfying. This one plate of cuisine.

(Indeed, just like what Marina had said, the food of this restaurant is delicious.)

While thinking such, Alsace pondered about the strangeness of life.

He was thinking that he would die before visiting this restaurant, but now death was far away and he was deeply satisfied.

(Unexpectedly, this experience can turn out to be an interesting song.)

While thinking such, Alsace relaxedly rested for a while.

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1. I'm confused by the author. At first it was written that the name of Alsace's former travelling companion is Airi (アイリ) but now it's Marina (マリナ).

# Chapter 111

## Ujikintoki (Green Tea Shaved Ice)



---

In a small island floating in blue empty space, Ilsgant yawned deeply.

[...Aa, I'm free.]

He sighed as he looked at the blue sky that stretched on forever and the paradise carefully cared by the golems.

Everything was here.

The island where Ilsgant lived was abundant with fruits, everything necessary for living was cared for by the golems, the temperature was neither hot nor cold, no dangerous creatures that could attack Ilsgant, it was an island that floated in the sky.

A large amount of knowledge passed down orally from the parents was all Ilsgant had known in the past 250 years.



There was one problem for Ilsgant who lived alone in the island that was also a legacy of his parents.

As there's nothing for him to do, he was free.

[To be honest, I'm tired of researching.]

At the end of their lifespan, his weakening parents requested him to continue the research they had worked on for a thousand years.

After their death, he repeatedly researched in various ways due to his curiosity, but he couldn't find any meaningful purpose to it, so recently he had been living idly.

According to his parents who died 200 years ago, Ilsgant seemed to be an elf.

It was a tribe who had the right to rule over the entire world, the masters of magic, and was once the champion of the world.

However, the elves had declined. It was due to an occurrence of a serious illness when his parents were just born several hundred years ago.

Perhaps the source was from the dark continent where the barbaric followers of the dragons lived, or perhaps it's from a different world that was being frequently visited at that time.

Anyway, it was a disease that had spread to such an extent that it drove the elves, the world's champion and the elites with great intelligence, into the brink of extinction.

Just in 20 years, more than half of the species had died.

A lot of great magicians who were the masters of wonderful magic that couldn't be imitated by others had died, and a number of magical techniques studied and inherited in families were lost.

The fear of that disease built up, there were those that tried to use magic that changed one's self into a ghost that kept their knowledge and personality intact, those who prayed to the hated dragon goddesses regarded as "the Chaos God that ruled over life" in order to survive, but the end result was that they became existences that were not similar to elves.

His parents said that the survivors were "country bumpkin savages that chose to live

non-civilized life in the depths of the forest” while the rest of civilized elves died out.

[Maa, I know that they chose to escape to the sky so that I could be born and live like this...]

Ilsgant was a civilized elf according to his parents.

Two healthy young elves that were not afflicted by the disease, the two civilized elves with their great intelligence created this floating island as their research facility; they then lived there until the end of their lives.

Then they proceeded with their own research endlessly in this paradise... until they noticed it. When nearly 1,000 years had passed since their birth and their deaths were imminent.

There was no way to transcend life beyond the lifespan, and his parents who knew that there was not enough time to research a new method had chosen a very primitive method, to give birth to Ilsgant and entrust their research to him.

[Well then, what shall I do today...]

His knowledge was sufficient. Unlike his parents, Ilsgant who had no passion for research spent his life idly.

It was when he was pondering on how he would spend the whole day for the time being, even remembering the fear that such days would continue for the next 700 years.

[...Un. There’s something wrong with the flow of magical power?]

Ilsgant muttered while his ears trembled.

This island was the place where he was born, raised and taught. In the past 200 years, all of the golems in that place were created by Ilsgant and there’s nothing that he didn’t know about the island. That’s just the way it was.

But now Ilsgant was feeling the flow of magical power that was not his own in this place.

[Oh well. Maybe this can somewhat kill my time.]

Due to the instability of the flow of magical power, it would disappear in a day, so Ilsgant decided to head there at once.

[Golem. Carry me to my destination.]

He ordered a golem who was engaged in a work nearby and ordered it to the direct position by connecting it with his mind.

Just by that, the golem gently held Ilsgant and carried him to the place of interest.

Just above the magical equipment in the basement that caused the island to float, the most enchanted place on the surface of the island, a place where his dead parents were buried.

There was an accident there.

[Hou, this is... a transference magic, it leads to another world.]

He looked at the door that seemed to naturally appear there, a joyful light dwelled in Ilsgant's eyes after he guessed its true colour, it seemed to be a good time-killer.

[Well then, let's go.]

It may be dangerous.

Without thinking about it even for a fraction of time, Ilsgant just thought of it as something that changed his idle everyday life, he then placed his hand on the brass handle and opened the door.

'Chirinchirin', as the ringing sound of bell echoed, the door opened.

Ilsgant gleefully glanced through the door.

[Hohou. This place, I've never seen it before.]

It was still early in the morning.

Ilsgant who illuminated the dark room with light magic looked around in interest.

Countless numbers of tables and chairs, magic equipment on the ceiling which he did not understand well and a variety of containers lined up on the tables.

A bit of light leaked from the back, there seemed to be someone.

And the other person seemed to notice Ilsgant's presence too. A figure appeared from

the back.

[Un. Who are you? Your ears are short, your magical power seemed to be quite weak and your hair is dark coloured.]

To the man, Ilsgant frankly asked his questions.

He was bipedal, since he did not have any wings or horns, he must be an elf, but his figure was not quite similar to the figures of his parents in his memory.

[I'm the owner of this store... are you a customer?]

The owner asked the person who showed up even earlier than Aletta.

[Store? The place where money is offered to pay for goods?]

Apparently the customer in front of him was extremely ignorant about the ways of the world.

The owner shrugged and replied.

[Ee, maa. This is a restaurant. I receive money in exchange for my cooking.]

[Hou. Cooking.]

Ilsgant showed interest in the owner's answer.

He knew of the existence of cooking. Food that he couldn't eat with water was grilled or boiled in order to make it eatable.

There was no fruit in the island that needed to be cooked, but he had knowledge of it.

...Both his father and mother never did so since elves could remain healthy as long as they consumed necessary nutrition.

[Well, give me that cooking. Something unusual if possible.]

[Unusual... actually, I have not finished my preparations, so maybe something light? Like a dessert.]

[Aa, I don't care. Bring it to me soon.]

He nodded to the owner's question and sat down on a chair.

[Well then, please wait a moment.]

The owner had dealt with residents of otherworld for more than 10 years.

Ilsgant's attitude was not particularly troublesome, so he headed back and prepared the food... something he prepared for summer.

Then a short time had passed.

[Uumu. Since this is cooking, it needs time to be completed... un?]

When he was gazing at the strange light on the ceiling even though the owner did not use magic, 'chirinchirin', the sound rang.

[Good morning... a, wel, welcome.]

When he looked over there, there was a girl with blonde hair and black horns.

She greeted casually... then she greeted him in a hurry, noticing that there was a customer already.

[Hou. The descendant of those that prayed to the God of Chaos that controls life. This is the first time I see one.]

He didn't mind the girl's words and said what he thought.

[E...? Life...? Chaos...?]

Apparently the knowledge on the God of Chaos that governed life had been lost on the surface of earth for a long time, the girl was confused.

Although Islgant didn't know the details that well.

[Thank you for waiting. I brought your food... ou, good morning Aletta. Please wash your body and change your clothes. Your breakfast will take a while before it's done since I made the customer's order first.]

[Ye, yes... well then, please enjoy.]

The girl called Aletta said so and went to the kitchen at the back.

[Well then... sorry to keep you waiting. I brought your dessert.]

He brought a glass cup.

[What is this?]

This was the first time Ilsgant saw this cuisine.

[Ee, the dessert representing summer, a shaved ice, ujikintoki.]

The owner answered while a smile was on his bearded face.

[Well then, please enjoy.]

The owner said so before retreating.

[Hou... this is, cooking.]

Ilsgant who was no longer interested in the owner observed the dish in front of him.

A lot of white thing was served on a large cup of glass.



*TN: Ignore the ice cream and the green tea jelly.*

And a lot of juice in the colour of dark grass was poured on the white thing, dyeing the white mountain into grass colour.

On the foot of mountain were black grains, something round in the colour of soft white, which was different from clear white.

They were all arranged into the shape of miniature mountain.

[Hou. This is, snow?]



He poked using his finger and noticed that the white thing was cold, so Ilsgant estimated its identity.

It did not fall on his island, but there was a magic spell he learnt from his parents that conjured a snow storm against an opponent.

It closely resembled what he saw when he practiced it.

[But what is this dark green colour? It looks like herbal broth.]

It was not very clear, the dark green reminded him of the medicinal herbs growing on the island... and he remembered that they were very bitter.

[Is this really delicious I wonder...]

While feeling anxious due to the colour, he picked up a silver spoon and inserted it into the mountain.

‘Shakiri’, he scooped up the snow immersed in plenty of green juice from halfway of the mountain and brought it to his mouth.

Bitter. And... sweet.

The snow melting in his mouth was not just bitter, it was also sweet.

A bitter taste like boiled medicinal herbs and sweetness stronger than any fruits he had eaten.

The scent of the medicinal herbs, it was strong, but it was also refreshing when it spread in his mouth.

Bittersweet taste and the fragrance, the three went through his tongue and fell to the back of his throat.

[...What is this?]

After enjoying it, Ilsgant opened his eyes and observed it again.

It had a strong bitter taste, but it was certainly delicious.

He silently ate the next mouthful, bringing the spoonful of the mountain to his mouth.

The bittersweet taste spread. It was pleasant.

He couldn't stop scooping the snow with his spoon and bringing it to his mouth.

Just like his parents, Ilsgant only ate in order to survive, so he had never experienced this feeling before.

He then felt that his brain had frozen.

[...Kuu!?!]

After he continuously ate, Ilsgant then reflexively held his head when it was attacked by a mysterious headache.

The pain felt like it directly penetrated his brain, though it fortunately disappeared after a while, but it was pretty intense.

[This... did I eat too much?]

He spoke to himself as was habit, then he regrouped after he was cured and looked at the black grains at the foot of the mountain.

[Un? ...This is, beans.]

It was in the herb garden. His parents did not eat it as medicine since it needed to be cooked before eating.

Apparently these beans had been boiled, it was half-melting.

He scooped a little to his mouth and inspected it.

[This is... sweet.]

It was also sweet, but there's no bitterness. It had different texture than the snow and it was soft.

[Then this one... I'll taste it.]

Subsequently, he tried the round white ones.

Unlike the garnish of beans, the sweetness was almost nonexistent. It was soft, elastic and felt smooth, but that's it.

Maybe because it's placed beside the beans, so he could taste a bit of the beans.

[What does this mean...?]

Ilsgant thought a little... he then tried what he came up with.

He scooped the cooked beans and the white thing at the same time, and with the snow that had melted a little, he brought them all to his mouth.

[...Oo.]

Ilsgant recognized that this taste was the correct answer.

It was totally different as the sweetness of the beans and the elasticity of the white things were added to the sharp taste of the grass juice in the snow.

The bitterness was suppressed, the sweetness elevated and remained in his mouth for a long time, and the elastic texture of the white thing against his teeth.

[So this is cooking...]

To that flavor, Ilsgant devoured the rest of the mountain while feeling regrettable that his parents did not show interest towards it.

While holding his head due to pain again and again.

Before the sun reached its peak, Ilsgant returned to his island.

As soon as its duty was accomplished, the door vanished.

[Fuu...]

With the weight in his belly, Ilsgant decided on what to do next.

[The world outside, the otherworld seems to have changed quite a lot from what I've heard.]

Then, he'll study it.

Ilsgant, who finally found his next time-killer, began thinking about what he would do from now on triumphantly.

# Chapter 112

## Reopening of Store

It was a certain day.

[Eh...?]

As usual, it was Satur's Day.

Otherworld dining hall... Aletta who was standing in front of the door leading to Nekoya noticed that the state of the door was slightly different and then tilted her head.

[Etto, this... maybe it's the language of our world, right?]

The words were written on the signboard of the cat's picture on the door.

Aletta who wasn't educated couldn't read it, but it was not the words of the owner's world that was written as "Western Restaurant Nekoya".

If one lived in the Kingdom, then there's no doubt it's the familiar Eastern Continent language.

[What on earth, had happened?]

She passed through the door while thinking about it.

'Chirinchirin', the door opened with the light sound of bell.

[Ou, good morning.]

The owner who was aware that it was time for Aletta to arrive greeted her with a smile.

[Good morning... ano, that sign on the door...]

After returning the greeting, Aletta asked the owner.

[Aa, I've thought a little.]

Aletta may not be educated, but she was not dumb. He knew that he would be asked about the special sign that was hung on Saturdays.

The owner nodded and replied.

[Look, there's that regular jii-san right? That person taught me simple words, so I tried to write the sign with the words of your world. It's read as "Otherworld Restaurant Nekoya".]

The owner looked at the golden key stored in his pocket.

The key entrusted by the grandmother of the owner was a pair with the bell to connect the restaurant with another world.

If the owner thought about it that way, it was possible to cut off "otherworld dining hall" with the otherworld.

Initially, he received a spare key to normally open and lock the door when he succeeded the restaurant so he didn't realize it, but he realized it as time passed.

The Nekoya that the previous generation had guarded for 60 years had been completely entrusted to him, and it had become his restaurant.

Then he remembered his niece's words.

—This restaurant, rather than a Western restaurant, it's more like a jack-of-all trades.

The owner couldn't object those words.

Surely when he thought about it now, "Are all food that come from outside of Japan Western food?" was just a pet theory.

His grandfather who was born and raised not in Japan but at the continent seemed to be the person who could create delicious food for the menu without difficulty.

And according to his grandfather, his grandmother was originally "a person from the otherworld".

As such, he who was raised by his grandparents liked every type of food as long as it's delicious, so he could cook dishes that usually were not served in Western restaurant.

[Isn't it easier for people from over there to be able to read the written words of their

language? Even then the door seems suspicious enough.]

He was not going to deny that the way of his predecessor who continued such separation of worlds felt stubborn for him.

On the other hand, he hired an employee from another world and interacted with each other at all possible times.

That's why for a little, he would compromise.

[That's why, from now on for Saturdays, this place will be "Otherworld Restaurant Nekoya", so best regards.]

[Yes! I understand.]

Aletta answered clearly to the owner's words, and Otherworld Restaurant Nekoya began.



# Chapter 113

## Satsuma-age



---

There was a small town made by merchants that counted on the fortress close to the border between the Kingdom and the Empire, and the soldiers that protected the fortress.

The soldiers had an important job to protect the border from any unexpected attacks of the savage and mighty Empire so there were those that had to stay up until midnight, and there was a bar district at the town that stayed open until late at night.

Rough roads unpaved by cobblestones were illuminated by dim light emitting from torch lights and oil lamps, people went here and there to eat and drink even until the time when people of other towns had fallen asleep. It was such a place.

Because it was such a town, many children in that town had a fortress soldier as their fathers.

Many of them usually lived with their mothers in a separate residence from their fathers who were given a room in the fort while working at their given duties.

Usually they became adults without worrying about who their fathers were.

While terrible, it was not unusual that some men that came in and out of the house might not be the father.

But sometimes such children had to live with their fathers at times.

...When they lost their mothers.

Raina, a boy who lived at the fort, was walking hand-to-hand at the town during daytime with his father, Paul, who was off-duty that day.

[Tou-chan, where are we going?]

Raina asked a bit nervously while firmly grasping the rugged hand.

After his mother had died a month ago, Raina who had lost his home was taken in by Paul who claimed to be his father.

During daytime, children were tasked with chores as the fortress provided them food.

The place where they lived in was only the narrow rooms assigned to soldiers.

That's why he was glad to be able to go outside to the familiar town.

Still, he honestly didn't know what to do with his father as they did not have much of a relationship.

[Tou-chan, I'm hungry... can I eat Cobbler's fruit over there?]

[Not yet. Wait a little longer.]

Paul shook his head to Raina who pointed to a stand that sold boiled Cobbler's fruit for poor people.

[What, you promised...]

He was reflexively dissatisfied with Paul's state of affair.

Just before noon, Paul who was prepared to go out with Raina so Raina was given an unsatisfying amount of bread and thin soup as breakfast. Paul said:

—Ou, I'll take you to a nice place. They served delicious meals there.

He understood why he didn't get it.

Raina who was unable to do the chores at the fort with his empty stomach decided to accept Paul's invitation and went out hand-in-hand.

[Maa, just wait. The place we're going to, it's a restaurant. That's why if you already fill your belly with the Empire's Cobbler's fruit, you'll regret it... look, we're here.]

While saying so, Paul picked Raina up and placed him on his shoulders.

They went through the back alley and entered an incomplete road...

[Tou-chan, what is that?]

A vacant lot in the city.

There was a black door in the middle of the space with a picture of a cat on it.

[Ou, that door leads to the place I'm bringing you to. I found it by chance during a patrol.]

Paul stood in front of the door while humming a tune.

It was a wonderful door that looked enormously big for children like Raina.

A sign hung from the picture of the cat.

There was something written on it, but Raina did not know what's written since he couldn't read.

[Tou-chan, what's written on it?]

Paul who was taught up to the point he was able to read for his soldier education replied to Raina satisfactorily.

[Aa, this, it's written as... otherworld restaurant Nekoya.]

While saying so, he grasped the cool golden handle and turned it.

'Chirinchirin', the bell rung as the door was opened.

The moment they went through the door, they arrived at a strangely bright room.

There were a number of people inside the prosperous restaurant, like demons and dwarves, and those that were obviously monsters, each of them enjoying never seen before cuisines.

[Wha, what is this place...]

Raina whose line of sight had increased since he was being carried looked around the room.

[Welcome.]

[A, welcome.]

Two adult female who were probably the waitresses of this restaurant greeted them both.

One was a female demon with golden hair and black horns while the other one was a female human with black hair and slightly different face features.

[Let me show you to your seat.]

One of them, the female demon said so to Paul and Raina.

[Well, let's go.]

As he said so, Paul brought Raina down and they two were guided to their seats.

Though the room had no window, it was strangely bright and had comfortable seats.

Well-polished tables and various bottles lined up on the corner of it.

While Raina was being distracted, Paul quickly ordered to the waitress.

[I'll have beer. And for this guy, juice of Azar fruit would suffice. I also want to order the same fried fishcake as before.]





[Yes, please wait a moment.]

Although it was not on the menu, it was something that could be ordered.

Fish fried in oil and grilled fish were delicious, but this time he brought his son to eat with him.

[Tou-chan, what is fried fishcake?]

[Ou, it's a little unusual, but it's a fish dish. It's delicious you know.]

Raina who had been looking around asked Paul about the dish he had never heard of and Paul answered proudly.

[Fish? ...Geeh.]

As soon as he heard Paul's answer, Raina's face showed his disgust.

Unlike Paul who grew up at a town beside the sea, Raina who was born and raised in the middle of the continent had never seen fish before and did not want to try it.

Raina once ate a dried fish that Paul had once bought from a peddler.

However, Paul ate it deliciously as it tasted nostalgic, but for Raina it tasted strangely stiff and salty and it smelled funny, so he didn't think that it was delicious at all.

[I don't want it. Please give me something different Tou-chan.]

Paul responded with a smile to his son who said so with his child-like honesty.

[Maa, just wait. You should try it first.]

So they waited for a while.

[Thank you for waiting. I brought your beer, Azar fruit juice and fried fishcake.]

A different waitress brought their orders.





A thin white bowl contained something white, a pale yellow sauce with red colour blended in, and minced yellow-green vegetables.

She placed the plate on the middle of the table, two small empty plates and picked up one of the bottles lined up on the table.

[Please use the soy sauce as much as you like. A, and the shichimi mayo {TN: spicy mayo} is kind of spicy, so please be careful with your child... well then, please enjoy.]

After she said so, the dwarves who were seating at another tables and eyeing the fried fishcake called her to order.

[Well, let's eat while it's still hot.]

It was necessary for him to eat first seeing as Raina still didn't know about fried fishcake.

While thinking so, he picked up a silver fork and reached for the food.

(This is something that will come out if one orders "give me a fish dish that doesn't look like fish".)

After Raina tried the dried fish from his hometown before, it was regrettable that he said it was not delicious, so the owner thought up about this dish.

It was something that had been made by the former owner from time to time.

(For the first one... without adding anything, I guess.)

He opened his mouth widely and chomped on it.

The fishcake fried in oil was soft against his teeth and the juice came out as he chewed.

The fish flavor was there, but there's hardly any peculiar odour of fish, the brown exterior was slightly hard and had fried flavor, but the white interior was slightly salty and sweet.

(Aa, delicious.)

That taste caused him to smile and he drank his beer.

The bitter taste of beer washed down the taste of fried fishcake.

After enjoying plenty of the beer going down his throat, Paul breathed out satisfactorily.

He did not mind Raina who was now drooling and enjoyed the second one.

Next one, he enjoyed it with the white mayonnaise with something red blended in.



The sticky mayonnaise dyed half of the fishcake and he bit onto it.

(Kuu~, this is really delicious!)

The hot fried fishcake matched well with the soft and sour taste of mayonnaise and the spiciness of the red spice.

That was also delicious.

After swallowing, for the other half, he took the leafy vegetable {TN: spring onions maybe} on the plate and the black seasoning called shoyu.

The shoyu with its strong saltiness would break the taste if it's too much, but just a small amount would tighten the taste.

Then he put it into his mouth. The piping hot fried fishcake fit well with the crunchy vegetable.

This combination was the best with beer.

[Hot!? ...But, delicious.]

Raina who was unable to endure after seeing Paul eating deliciously also picked up a fork and ate the fishcake.

He hesitated only for the first bite.

After that he competed with Paul in eating the food.

[How is it!? Delicious isn't it!? ...Oi, try adding this to the fishcake.]

While laughing, Paul ordered additional serving.

It's afternoon now.

The two who came back to the empty lot sighed satisfactorily.

[Delicious isn't it?]

After the door disappeared, Paul asked Raina and he nodded.

[Can we go there again...]

[Of course, leave it to me...]

While saying so, Paul thought of the future.

His long career as the border defense soldier would end soon.

No matter what, one couldn't raise a child as a soldier of that town.

(Maa, I can always go back to my hometown and help out my old man... that's fine right, Raina?)

Then every day, unlike the ones dried to prevent decay, they could enjoy fresh fishes like the ones served at the restaurant.

While thinking so, Paul lightly thought about life with his son on his shoulders.

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1. Satsuma-age(薩摩揚げ) is a fried fishcake from Kagoshima, Japan. Surimi (a paste made of fish or other meat) and flour is mixed to make a compact paste that is solidified through frying. It is a specialty of the Satsuma. It is called tsuke-age in Kagoshima and known as chiki-agi in Okinawa.

# Chapter 114

## Croissant



---

In the morning, Aletta jumped in surprise when she heard a surprisingly loud noise, she then got confused.

She had no idea where she was.

She was lying down on a first-class bed that felt nice to touch; the mattress was springy under her.

She wore clothes that fit her body, and a soft duvet was laid on a bed frame made of iron rods.

Aletta who just woke up remembered nothing.

(Etto, this place is...)

While she was trying to recall, the noisy sound suddenly stopped.

Looking at the source of the noise, she saw Saki who just woke up.

[Good morning. Did you sleep well?]

Saki who had a little bed hair laughed while saying so and finally Aletta remembered yesterday's events.

(A, that's right. Yesterday, I was told to stay the night over after I finished my work...)

Yesterday, she was recommended to stay there for Satur's Night.

Recently the number of customers was increasing, making the otherworld dining hall busier.

Due to the doors appearing at different parts of the world, the time the customers came was varied.

It was not unusual for them to be busy from morning to night, but still there were times when customer traffic stopped abruptly.

In such time zone, the owner decided to take care of the restaurant including the customer service by himself, he then gave the two waitresses a break.

When the busy time lasted for a while and the customer came one after another, the customer that came for confectioneries usually left at early afternoon.

And then they were usually free until customers came to drink alcohol at the evening.

And at that time, the two girls who were similar of age took a break and chatted between themselves.

And the topic at that time was about their residences.

[Hee, so usually you work as a maid that doubles as a housekeeper?]

Saki asked Aletta who just recently became closer to her.

Saki liked Aletta who took her work seriously.

[Yes, I am hired to work at the house of an adventurer named Sarah, my job is to clean up, wash and manage the house.

I can now eat proper meals, so I'm grateful to Sarah-san who hired a demon like me.]

[I see. Sarah is the one who usually orders minced cutlet right?]



[Yes. Currently she was away to search for treasures, but I've heard about the places where the doors are located from various travellers and Halflings that visit the restaurant.]

[I see. So you currently live alone? Are you alright?]

Saki who was studying in a university knew the freedom and loneliness of living apart from one's family.

[Yes. When Sarah-san is away, Shia-san would come to visit once in 7 days.

Fortunately the house is secure as there are protections to keep the treasures from being stolen by thieves, so it's all right...

But after working here, when I go home alone from the outskirts of the town, I am a bit scared since it's already midnight.]

To that question, Aletta remembered the days when she was sleeping in the ruins while trembling in cold, and then she remembered the small fear of everyday life, so Aletta said so.

Rarely, some of the undeads would come out at the ruins, partly because demons rampaged and destroyed the place.

Fortunately, wraiths that were powerful enough to kill people when they were encountered were exorcized soon after they appeared by the priests, so Aletta had



never been attacked by ghosts.

But when poor people died in the ruins, their corpses could become zombies that looked thin and moved slowly.

She was scared when she saw it in the middle of the night.

However, thanks to that, there were not much thieves in the ruins, and even when she slept in the ruins before she was hired, no one complained about it, so she couldn't complain.

On the other hand, Saki was speechless.

While Aletta said so with a smile, it was still disturbing.

[Wait, in short, what? So after you finish your work here, you say you walk home from the ruins of the town?]

[Yes. It's a bit dark and difficult to walk there, but I'm used to dark places...]

Hearing the words of Aletta who did not have a sense of danger, Saki said impatiently.

[No, no, no. That's dangerous. Look, a molester, a pervert... what would you do if a robber appears?]

She did not know about the otherworld where the girl lived, but she couldn't imagine that it's as safe as Japan.

She thought that it was dangerous for a young female to walk alone in the middle of the night.

[It's okay. I'm used to it, and no one attacks me.]

Aletta laughed off Saki's worries.

Born in countryside, the demon tribe was relatively uncommon in the Kingdom and no human knew what kind of bizarre power they might have, so no one would aim for Aletta since she had average appearance.

Aletta believed so.

[What are you saying... Aletta is cute, so you have to be more careful.]

On the other hand, Saki was very worried about Aletta's attitude.

Though she did not know about Aletta's appearance when she just started to work

here, she thought that Aletta was considerably cute.

It couldn't be said that she wouldn't be targeted by bad adults.

[Anyway, I'll talk to oji-san.]

Then Saki explained to him about Aletta's situation... as a female walking alone at night was dangerous, at the end of the day Aletta would stay over with Saki at a sleeping room on the third floor.

[Well then, we'll prepare breakfast, so wait a moment Aletta. There's a guy who have been told to stay here beforehand.]

Saki said so to Aletta and went out of the bedroom; she then changed from her sleepwear into a shirt and dark blue trousers.

After seeing her off, Aletta looked outside.

Beyond the transparent glass plate, a mysterious world spread.

On the roads paved by red rocks, there were buildings shaped like square boxes.

Perhaps this was one of those buildings.

There were not many people walking outside since it's still early, but she still felt that it was another world.

(What is there outside this place?)

Feeling a little interested, she gently placed her hand on the window, and it hindered her like an invisible wall.

According to the owner, the only magics used in this building were done by his obaa-sama and the regulars of this restaurant.

It seemed that there was no magic like the one found in Aletta's world outside this building.

The people of this world did not know that there's another world beside the one they lived in, and she could create uproar if she went outside.

(Maa, it can't be helped. I'm a demon.)

After touching the horn which was the proof that she was a demon, she smiled bitterly

and changed into her usual clothes.

She bought it with the money she obtained, it was a little worn-out, but it was her favourite.

It was her favourite because she seemed to be an ordinary human female when she wore it and not a feared and disliked demon.

She could hear the owner cooking at the third floor kitchen from outside the room.

(Is this happiness I wonder...)

She smiled again while thinking such.

[Ou, good morning. Do you want to eat breakfast? Please wait for a moment. Saki-chan is on an errand to Kimura-san right now.]

After changing her clothes and going out of the room, the owner looked back from the egg he was frying on the pan and told Aletta so.

[An errand, is it?]

While asking why she went out early in the morning, the owner nodded and answered without stopping his hands.

[Ou, Kimura-san... it's the store where I bought the bread for the restaurant, but I wanted to eat their freshly baked croissant this morning. I heard about it from some guys that stayed at home occasionally at weekdays.

...Now that I've thought about it, it's been a while since I last ate Kimura-san's croissant. When I was in high school, I used to buy it for a light snack before meal.]

While remembering nostalgic memories, he served three servings.

Plain cheese omelet with salad. And then café au lait with plenty of milk.



If the leading role was the croissant, then the side dishes had to be light.

[I'm back. I've bought it.]

Saki came back as soon as the owner finished the cooking.

Fragrant smell drifted from the paper bag and Aletta reflexively held her stomach.

[Okay, then let's eat. Both of you wash your hands.]

Then it was time to eat.

[Let's eat.]

While listening to the otherworld's brief prayer before the meal, Aletta also gave a thankful prayer.

[God of Demons that watches over us. I appreciate your mercy that gave me food today as well.]

She was much blessed.

If she thought so, such words came out naturally.

Then she reached out the considerably lavish breakfast.

The most prominent thing was the unusually shaped bread that Saki bought earlier.

It was like a crescent moon with dark wheat colour.

It seemed that it was still warm, so it was just baked not long ago, and it smelled of butter.

(...I'll eat this at the end.)

With its nice smell, it's disagreeable for Aletta to eat it now, so she'll eat the other dishes first.

She used a silver knife to cut the soft omelet sideways on the plump and swollen portion.

When she cut it, milky melted cheese overflowed from the inside and spilled over the plate.

She wiped the cheese with the omelet and carried it to her mouth.

Aletta smiled to the soft taste of cheese and eggs seasoned with little salt and pepper spreading in her mouth.

Next, she reached for the salad beside the omelet.

Thinly sliced leafy vegetable and Caryute were mixed together, and then seasoned with light white sauce usually used for fish dishes.

The crunchy vegetables with their raw sweetness were accompanied by the mellow flavor of eggs and acidity of the sauce.

While enjoying the crisp texture and taste, she drank the soup filled with plenty of soft vegetables.

After enjoying the soup with the umami of vegetables and meat, Aletta finally reached for the meals' main feature, the croissant.



The mysterious crescent shaped croissant was hard but brittle.

The warmth that heated up her hand indicated that it's freshly baked.

While feeling its warmth, Aletta nibbled the croissant.

(A, this, it's similar to a pie...?)





*TN: While this is a tart made using puff pastry, it's more fitting than a pie.*

To the crunchy texture she felt on the first bite, she was remembered of a sweet from Flying Puppy.

A number of times she could count, she would receive sweets from the manager's good will, and one of those had a similar texture.

Several thin and stiff layers with crispy texture were stacked together.

The pie confectionaries she tasted occasionally were sweet, but croissant had no sweetness aside the slight sweetness that bread had.

Instead she could taste salt and butter.

The outer layer was crisp while the white and soft layers had a fragrant smell of freshly baked bread.

The bread called croissant was delicious enough to be a meal by itself.

She exhaled a breath and drank the café au lait.

With a little sugar and milk added, the coffee had slight bitterness.

[Do you want more? Since there are three people, I bought more.]

[Yes!]

When Saki asked, Aletta answered in good spirit.

The happy Sunday time thus passed slowly.

# Chapter 115

## Cutlet Sandwich



---

At one corner of Death Capital, Gustav was regretting that he came there as he held his severely painful broken leg.

(Damn it... is it too early for me...)

When he was 17, he ran away from his parents who were like hanger-on, and it had been five years since he became an adventurer that dreamed of fortune.

He went through many hardships by honing his skills. Now it was time for him to challenge the Death Capital to get out of his poor life.

Decision made, Gustav embarked there.

## The Death Capital.

It was a chaotic place that adventurers like Gustav admired in awe, but that hope and desire were mixed with despair and fear.

There were countless treasures and undead inside.

According to legend, the Death Capital was the capital city of the Old Kingdom, the first country of humankind.

The Old Kingdom, ruling the whole continent, freely manipulated magic which was the heritage of the elves; it was more prosperous than any other country.

It was said that its people enjoyed abundant harvest and lived happily.

However, when its last king became afraid of death, he dabbled in forbidden magic and caused the Old Kingdom to end.

The king that transcended death became an evil lich that killed all of the inhabitants of the city and turned them all into undead.

And any living thing that died in the city would also turn into undead due to the curse, and the last king began to reign as the eternal king of the capital city filled only with undead.

Other than the last king that became the evil lich, there were also his dead faithful vassals that followed the king.

The priests that served the Goddess of Light embarked on a subjugation to purify the last king and dispel the death curse, and a knight team of a certain country who went in aiming for the treasure of the Old Kingdom was annihilated and became a flock of Dullahan.

And then there were countless corpses of adventurers which became undead after they failed to obtain any treasure.

Gustav entered the Death Capital that continued to grow as with more undead... and

now he was waiting for death.

(At least I have the money to buy healing medicine.)

He sighed while he wanted to cry at his poverty and his luck that seemed to have run out.

He had prepared holy water that was effective against undead, and he had no thought of entering too deep into the city, just staying near the entrance... there were not much undead, and he was only going to search in the place where it was said that adventurers with decent skills could return alive.

The problem was that the city was deteriorating as it had already been destroyed hundreds of years ago.

The moment he stepped into a house he was going to carefully explore, the floor collapsed under him and Gustav might have broken his leg after he fell down.

It was impossible to climb a gaping hole in the ceiling, not to mention it was hard to even walk on his probably broken leg.

It was about half a day from the Death Capital to the nearest town where adventurers gathered. He's probably going to die before he could arrive.

(This, it seems the end for me...)

Feeling resigned, he closed his eyes.

If he couldn't move, there's nothing he could do other than rest to restore his energy.

...Even if the only thing waiting for him was death due to dehydration or starvation, he should try to hope even a little that other adventurers might find and help him.

He wondered how much time had passed since he stayed inside the barrier.

[O-i, the adventurer over there.]

Gustav suddenly trembled when he heard the voice.

(Bad... this is really bad...)

What he heard was a voice that's strangely clear and cut through the wind, a voice that couldn't be generated by a living being.

Just like the howl a beast, it was a voice similar to the resentment of the dead that could be heard even during daytime in the Death Capital.

Actually he didn't want to see it, but he couldn't help but to see it.

Gustav slowly opened his eyes.

There was an undead in front of him.

The room in the basement was completely dark even during daytime.

There was a white man that was strangely visible in the dark room where visibility was low.

[Hii...!]

His eyes were like dark holes with no eyeballs and red lights shining inside instead, Gustav screamed when he saw it.

A wraith.

Even a skilled adventurer could be easily cursed by it, and the dangerous being with no hands and feet was in the presence of Gustav.

[Do not panic. I won't kill you. For now.]

The man spoke to Gustav in a tone that was strangely relaxing.

[I think I will to help you first... a little better. Can you walk?]

Gustav desperately nodded as he did not know what would happen if he did not answer the wraith's question.

Although he did not seem to attack now, Gustav did not know what he was thinking. He might attack the next moment.

[Okay, come on.]

[I, I understand...]

So Gustav carried his equipment and started following the wraith while dragging his painful leg.

Fortunately, the destination was not too far.

[First of all, this is my body. My cause of death is roughly the same as you. Perhaps it's possible for me to think clearly thanks to the presence of the holy water you brought and being inside the barrier.]

The brownish white skeleton was equipped with adventurer's garb, and one of the legs was bent in a strange direction.

Below the body laid things that seemed to be the undead-free barrier, and there was even a bottle of holy water rolling beside.

[But in the end, no help came and I died. I guess it was many years ago. I have always lingered in this dark underground, so I don't know how long ago it was.]

He pointed at something while saying as if it was nothing.

*{TN: I don't know how he could point at something if he had not hands, but oh well.}*

[And then, after my death, that door starts to appear once in 7 days.]

Following the direction he was pointed at, Gustav found a black door that did not fit the dusty and moldy basement.

[Otherworld restaurant Nekoya? ...No way, it's a food shop?]

From the letters written there, Gustav arrived at an unbelievable conclusion.

[Aa, the signboard changed recently... in other words, there are people inside.]

The wraith also nodded to Gustav's reasoning.

[Aa, unfortunately I can't open the door since I lost my body. So I can't do anything except look at it.]

[...I understand.]

Anyway, he would die if he didn't do anything.

An adventurer would even uselessly resisted even to survive.

Gustav felt resolute and opened the door.

'Chirinchirin', the sound of bell that resounded felt like alarm noise to Gustav, he checked for any traps before stepping into the unnaturally bright room.



A customer came after the last customer was seen off, and the air flowed.

The person stepping inside was a dirtily dressed young man.

As he entered the restaurant, he crumbled down on the spot and groaned in pain.

[Kyaa!?!]

[Wha, what happened!?!]

[Oi, calm down.]

It was obvious that this was an abnormal situation.

But the owner was used to it.

Sometimes customers that suffered disasters like this would come.

At first he thought that it was a coincidence, somehow or another, he recently noticed that that was not the case.

After all, until recently the signboard was written in Japanese that they couldn't read, and for the customers that did not know about the restaurant, the door that appeared anywhere was regarded suspiciously.

And only those with strong curiosity would open the door even if there might be a trap.

The owner squatted down and checked his condition.

[It's broken... Aletta. Get the medicine from the medicine box at the back.]

He approached and saw that the man's right foot was swollen under his trousers, the owner told Aletta to bring the medication.

[Yes!]

[E? Can a bone fracture be treated with a medicine!?!]

Aletta nodded and went off quickly, while Saki was confused by the owner's words.

Hearing about the medicine, she knew it intuitively.

It was probably a mystery wound medicine that was counted as one of the seven wonders of Nekoya in the first aid kit of this restaurant.

The container was the bottle of a commercial perfume, but later the owner seemed to have filled it with an unidentified medicine that could treat burns, sprain, gashes...

It was a medicine that could heal injuries when sprayed on them while numbing the pain, and sometimes his work colleagues asked him where he bought it.

[Aa, I forgot to tell you about it. The medicine is very effective because it's made at the otherworld... it's insanely expensive.]

Whether or not Saki knew the subject or not, the owner easily said its true identity.

Every time his predecessor was injured, he would buy the medicine from a merchant customer.

The price was paid in gold coins of that world, but the owner knew that it was a miraculous medicine that could even heal lower body paralysis, not just broken bones.

[Master! I brought the medicine!]

While speaking about it, Aletta came bringing the medicine, the owner then talked to the man.

[Ou, thank you... customer-san, this will be a bit painful, but please bear with it.]

He rolled up the trousers and poured the medicine on the bruised foot after removing the bottle cap.

[Gu, guaaa!?!]

When the medicine was sprayed on the foot, the man screamed...

[The pain... it disappeared!?!]

He raised his face in surprise.

[That's good. It seems to be all right now.]

The owner said so to the man with a smile.

[By the way customer-san, this is a restaurant... do you want to eat something?

Although unfortunately the dishes I can prepare are limited.]

The moment he heard those words.

The man who was until now distracted by his pain had not eaten anything, so the owner's question was answered by the rumbling of his belly.

(How did it come to this way...)

While seating on a puffy comfortable chair, Gustav thought idly.

The room was strangely bright although it was already midnight; the temperature was neither warm nor cold.

Inside the water served to him, expensive ice was currently melting.

His foot was no longer painful, and when he smelled the food being prepared at the back, his stomach groaned.

Until a while ago, he was waiting for death while trembling in fear.

Thinking about it, he drank the water in the glass cup.

(Aa, it's delicious. This...)

The cold water like winter well water contained the scent of unfamiliar fruit, it penetrated Gustav's dehydrated body and cooled it.

After he drank it all in one gulp, he felt more alive.

[Thank you for waiting. I brought your food.]

While he was relaxed, a girl with golden hair came carrying a white plate.



Served on the plate was a black and brown thing sandwiched between something white.

[Etto, what is this dish?]

Gustav's question was answered by the girl with a smile.

[Yes. This is cutlet sandwich! It's very delicious... well then, please enjoy. A, let me refill your water.]

After she said so, the girl returned to the kitchen.

[Cut, cutlet sandwich...? Maa, I'm hungry so I'll eat it.]

After seeing her off, Gustav started on the food in front of him.

He wiped his dirty hands with wet cloth and then he looked at the food.

(What kind of dish is this...)

Since it was served in a short time, it was probably made beforehand and a fragrant aroma drifted from it.

Looking at the light burn mark on the light brown surface, it was probably a piece of cut meat cooked with fire.

(Maa, it shouldn't be poisoned...)

If they intended to kill him, they wouldn't waste such an expensive medicine on him.

Thinking so, Gustav reached for the food.

[...This is, white bread?]

Holding it, Gustav noticed that it was bread, an expensive white bread.

The surface was dyed in light wheat colour, but the visible part from the gap was white like fine cloth.

In addition, although the surface was crisply baked and hard under his hands, the inside was soft and pushed back against his fingers gently.

And sandwiched between the bread was grey meat with black coating. The meat with its greasy white fat appeared to be very appetizing to Gustav who hadn't eaten anything since yesterday.

(It seems like I can expect more than I thought...)

He knew what kinds of dishes were served in restaurants, but he thought that this would be very delicious; he then carried it to his mouth

He opened his mouth widely, put the square bread in between and took a big bite.

[Oo!]

At the moment, Gustav was delighted at the taste that was more delicious than he thought.

While the surface was baked crisply, it has soft sweetness and fine wheat taste from the soft part.

Beyond that was the black coating.

Apparently, the meat was coated and then deep-fried like Empire cuisine before it got soaked by some sort of sauce. When he chewed, the meat juice overflowed in his mouth.

The intense sweet and sour taste of the sauce was followed by a bit of spicy taste, before it was diluted afterwards by the meat juice and the greasy fat leaking from the meat, making a new flavour combination.

Once he tasted it, it was finished quickly.

Gustav devoured the cutlet sandwich like a starving dog that just ate for the first time in a while.

And when the waitress came back with more water, the cutlet sandwich was already finished.

The owner said that there was no need for him to pay for the medicine since the situation warranted for it. All he had to pay was the price of the food.

Thankful to the owner, Gustav passed through the door... he then remembered that he was in the Death Capital.

[Yo, it seems that there's something good behind the door.]

Gustav looked at the wraith that beckoned him there and noticed that the door had disappeared.

[Honestly I don't know if I can help, but would you like to be rescued?]

Floating with a smile, the wraith asked Gustav.

[Wha, what...?]

If he refused, the wraith would probably attack him.

Along with such belief, Gustav asked with hope.

[What, it's not so difficult.]

That said, the wraith looked at his remains.

[I had a dagger and a notebook. I want you to deliver it to the Kingdom. I could not become a good treasure hunter like my father and brother.

But since they don't know that I'm dead, they'll be worried in vain. I request you.]

After he said so, he disappeared.

[...I'll do it.]

Although the figure had disappeared, he could still feel a gaze staring at him, while



feeling a light ache in the stomach that had eaten the cutlet sandwich earlier, Gustav rummaged the corpse and found the rusty dagger and tattered notebook that the wraith mentioned.

From there, it would take a month to the Kingdom, and based on the bone's colour, he had died for decades.

Probably neither the father nor the brother was still alive.

However, there may be descendants.

...If he didn't exert any effort at least, it's likely that he would be killed.

Again, Gustav thought that it was fortunate that he could leave the Death Capital alive, so he left.

...When the dagger was polished, there was a name "Julius Gold" engraved on it, he got a reward when he delivered the items to the Kingdom, but that's a story of another time.

# Chapter 116

## Mille Crepe



---

The queen of Flower Country, Tiana Silverio XVI, read a small letter written with ink mixed with honey of that country and pollen, delivered through the hands of several fairies, she thought about what was wrong.

[Black small people with wings of bat, huh...]

The sender of the letter was Tieria... Tiana's little sister who was an adventurer that travelled the outside world.

For faeries living in the Flower Country, the outside world... there were occasionally those who travel to the world of human beings.

She had enough magic skill to protect herself and she was stable though she was brimming with curiosity, as such she went out of this country which lacked stimulation to satisfy her curiosity.

Fairies were always lacking in physical strength, but they had superior skill in magic, and many of the adventurers and mercenaries who couldn't be underestimated usually were humans with mixed races like half-elves and dwarves in their family lineage.

They either accomplished big adventures with their sufficient skills or they died due to their lack of abilities.

[I deliver this letter to ask for help. Since I think they will visit the Flower Country, I ask for hospitality for the visitors, huh...]

In the letter her sister sent for the first time in a long while, in addition to her greetings and telling of her travels and various things she saw, a petition to the queen was written.

Tieria who called herself an adventurer in the outside world, was saved by little people with green bat-like wings from a fight against a vampire that had a terrible hobby of draining blood from various tribes and then stuffing their bodies.

Their group was led by one man who wore similar clothes, spitting breath of acid from their mouths, their bare hands were sharp like swords that tore the vampire apart, and their whip-like tails could hit the vampire very hard.

It seemed that their power were stronger than the most powerful dwarven warrior in Tieria's party.

Especially the leader, the man on the prime of his age called Paul was exceptional, when the vampire tried to change into mist in order to escape, he used a strange power to change into a dragon and vanquished the vampire in one breath.

Tieria, who barely managed to avoid death and being stuffed, was very grateful for their help.

And when the lifesavers asked her where fairies like her lived, she taught them about the Flower Country.

[...Maa, that's fine. We shall meet. If the other party is thankful, then there is no problem in thanking them.]

Thinking a little, Tiana decided the treatment for her sister's benefactors.

[...Minister, do you understand the story? According to this letter, they would visit this place by flying... perhaps they will arrive before the next Satur. Prepare the hospitality.]

[Yes. I understand... but what is the connection with Satur?]

The minister tilted his head hearing her words.

In this country, Satur was an important day.

However, he did not know what it had to do with welcoming people of another nation.

[What, they saved Our sister's life from death. That is to say, a celebration... We shall ask for a cake.]

She had heard that from a half-elf sorcerer that visited the country.

There was a "special dessert for auspicious event" in that restaurant.

Right now by no means the queen only asked for whatever she wanted, the dearest crepes.

It was just the right occasion to ask about the confectionary that she had been interested in for a while.

The queen was secretly determined.

The border of Flower Country... the boundary between the flower garden and the wilderness could be seen well, the steep rocky mountains.

Above that, one by one, the small priests with dragon wings descended.

[Paul-sama, I wonder if this is the Flower Country that Tieria mentioned.]

To the words of the Green priestess who also happened to be his wife, the great priest serving the Green Goddess transformed his eyes into those of a dragon's that could survey a distance of 1,000 ri (500 kilometers) to look out over the flower garden, he then nodded dignifiedly.

[I understand. First of all I shall talk to them. Wait for me.]

[Understood. Please be careful.]

He spoke to his wife, spread his wings and flew.

(Well then, those who live here should be able to communicate like Miss Tieria.)

Anxiety crossed his mind.

To the north, there were many barbarians.

It was for missionary mission that Paul left his hometown located at the south that he was used to and journeyed towards the Northern Continent.

According to the wind rumours, some of the great priests and priestess that dominated the blue sea received order from the Blue Goddess to go to the Northern Continent... legend stated that the long-eared invaders came to the land where they lived, and they were searching for something.

For followers of the Blue Goddess, they could easily swim underwater in the blue sea unlike followers of other goddesses.

The Blue Goddess who lived in the bottom of the sea allowed people to cross over the sea even if they were believers of other goddesses as long as they followed the right procedure and provided suitable tribute, but there were still dangers of storms that made the sea rage and the kind of monsters that did not have enough intelligence to listen to the goddess.

That was why he talked to the traveller who came from the Northern Continent, and a missionary group was formed to travel to the Northern Continent to determine the congregation of believers who followed the Green Goddess.

Paul was chosen as the representative priest of the Liliputs, who were a tribe that lived in the forest and faithful believers of the Green Goddess.

Liliputs were not easily spotted by large beasts due to their small size, and it was because of their small size they did not require large amount of food.

There were many believers that were eager to gain strength that could beat other races, they were good at manipulating their wings and Paul was the best among them.

The reason was because he was a great priest that had reached the end of his devoted study.

Thus the priests who were able to manifest their dragon wings were chosen among the Liliputs and went on the missionary trip to the Northern Continent headed by Paul.

...And it didn't take long for them to find out that it's more difficult than expected.

It was good until they flew all the way to the Northern Continent by flying over the blue sea with a feeling of death and desperately learning about the world.

Excelling at worldly affairs, it would have been difficult for them to cross over if Paul didn't easily slaughter the majority of their opponents.

Fortunately he was aware of the dangers that lied ahead and they were able to reach the continent without any casualties.

As for the language, it was similar to the language that the long-eared invaders used, so they managed to learn somehow.

However, the subsequent travel was unexpectedly difficult.

There were too many barbarians who lived savage lives and were not notified of the majesty of the Goddess.

In the savage lands where the long-eared invaders lived, there were little who believed in the true significance of the goddess.

In the first place, it was said that the existences of the Goddesses in this place was not in the form of dragons but somehow had the form of weak human beings.

Therefore, the technique of obtaining the power and figure of a dragon had not been taught, and the believers could only use their own techniques to control the phenomenon governed by each goddesses.

In the strength of faith, even a believer who was equal to a great priest (called a high priest here) had badly vulnerable body.

And other than humans, half-elves and dwarves, the few tribes that believed in the



goddesses could be counted with both hands.

They wouldn't listen to Paul as they couldn't believe that a race of small people that's rarely seen were priests.

(They misunderstood that we are not devout believers and thought that we are a kind of race with dragon wings.)

Ironically, only the followers of "Chaos of Myriad Colours" that were called "demons" in that continent believed in Paul's homeland.

This region was greatly dominated by the Empire and had great prosperity.

And then, there was the hometown of the Lamias who were enthusiastic followers of the Red Goddess and had many great priestesses, the therianthropes that were their fellow brethren that followed the Green Goddess, and then there were manticores, goblins and ogres that had their own villages and believed in the goddesses of Gold, Red and Black in each divided tribes...

In his hometown, there were cultural differences but the barbarians did not believe in the goddesses, so they wouldn't understand even if he tried to explain the teachings of the goddess.

Not knowing what to say to reason with a pagan, being harmed with cold blood, stolen from, treated as something with no intelligence, chased away by humans, subjugated, and treated as a beast with good intelligence.

The one that was especially unforgivable were those who loved the dark of night and received the blood of divine protection from the Black Goddess, although he was kin of the Black Goddess, he was a fool who did not believe that his goddess of darkness was the "Black Goddess".

Even though his power was no other than the divine protection of the goddess, something that Paul and his fellow believers strived for, the detestable believer of the goddess of darkness did not believe Paul's words making Paul outraged, and in the end the group defeated the kin of Black Goddess.

(But, fairies huh...)

They met a fairy during their journey.

In Paul's home continent, people usually believed the Gold Goddess that ruled over

the sky or the Green Goddess who controlled the earth, but the fairy seemed to have close association with long eared invaders of old... called elves in this land.

The descendants of fairies were not very familiar with the goddesses unlike the humans, but they were familiar with the technique of the invaders... they excelled at magic, saying that they built their own civilization and governed their rich land.

A faithless, though intelligent, tribe with the same size as Paul.

He heard from the fairy that he happened to save from the Black kin that her sister happened to be the one that governed their tribe, and Paul's next plan was decided.

They continued their journey and reached the flower garden dominated by the faeries.

(This place... indeed, I can feel the strong blessing of the Green Goddess. This land seems to be very fertile.)

As soon as he entered the garden, Paul who was a great priest felt that there was a tremendous amount of magical energy in the earth.

If this was his native place, they would scramble for this place... it would be natural to call this place a sacred ground where a great priest governed as the chief.

(Then...this is probably the faeries' turf.)

In conjunction to Paul's thought, they flew to the flower garden where pink flowers bloomed, and the ruler of this place appeared.

Carrying wooden rods, the faeries had insect wings and not those of a dragon's, and emerging before Paul's eyes from the faeries' protected land was an enormous golem made of vines.

He could see the vigilance in their eyes.

[That figure, he must be the one mentioned in Tieria-sama's letter, a small black person with the wings of a bat.]

[No, you're wrong. These wings that dwell in our bodies, they were bestowed by the Green Goddess and are the wings of a dragon. Do not make a mistake... however, it is certainly without a doubt that I have come to this place with my company after acquiring Miss Tieria's referral.]

After asserting the line that he wouldn't give up on as a great priest, he took out a letter

which he obtained from Tieria from his bosom pocket.

[Umu... I have confirmed it. You are guests of this country from now on. The queen, Her Majesty Tiana is waiting. I will show you the way. Where are your friends?]

[Umu. They are waiting outside. Please wait a bit as I call them.]

Apparently there was no sudden attack.

He judged so and returned back to his company.

(Well, the other parties now may be those who only understand the heart of the Goddesses a little bit.)

While holding such anxiety, he went back to the rocky mountain where his group including his wife was waiting.

As the benefactors of Tieria and as guests of Tiana Silverio XVI, Paul and his company were enthusiastically welcomed in the Flower Country.

The words of gratitude were multiplied by several faeries, and the children who innocently approached Paul and his group were amused to see different kind of wings than the ones growing from their backs.

It was somewhat irreverent towards a great priest and his aides if it's at his hometown, but it did not make him feel any malice or refusal.

(Umu, this seems to be a rich and fertile land... no one suffers from hunger or battle.)

While grasping his wife's uneasy hand, Paul calmly looked over the land. The land of the faeries, a tribe with similar height as theirs, was an abundant land.

The land was so full of magical power to the extent that one could call it a sacred ground and flowers were blooming irrespective of their seasons.

According to what he heard, there was no problem with food as they ate the honey and seeds harvested from the flowers of this land.

Also, there was no war for the last 100 years, so no one suffered from injuries.

As the ones he met at this pagan continent lived poorer life except for the few that lived in the capitals, the standard of living here was higher than in other places.

While thinking such things, he saw a woman with light grass coloured hair standing in front of a building with huge vines and flowers intertwined.

[I see... is that the one that governs the faeries in this country?]

At a glance, Paul quickly perceived her identity due to her mighty magical power.

The woman named Tieria also had plenty of magical power resembling the woman in front of him, but this woman had enough magical power to match that of a great priest.

[You have come, my sister's benefactors. My name is Tiana Silverio XVI, the ruler of this country.]

Indeed, the woman in front of him said so. Paul replied respectfully.

[Thank you for accepting us today pleasantly. We hail from the Southern Continent, my name is Paul. Although I lack the ability, I am granted the status of the great priest of the Green Goddess who controls the earth. Pleased to meet you.]

Seeing the form of Paul, Tiana narrowed her eyes and said what she noticed.

[Hou. The south... those clothes and skin colour... indeed, they are the same as those people.]

[Those people?]

Tiana nodded when Paul asked.

[Aa, dressed like them, skin colour like theirs, and the owner of mighty magical power like them.]

[Oh, where have you seen them?]

He wondered if other great priest had visited them. Paul considered that and asked Tiana.

[Aa, it was at the otherworld.]

[...Ha?]

Hearing her reply, Paul was befuddled for a moment.

[O, otherworld?]

[Umu, once in 7 days, a door leading to the otherworld appears in this area, We have seen it.]

And she continued her words.

[It is good if you are interested. Tomorrow is the day the door that leads to the otherworld appears. We shall hold the welcoming feast there. Accompany Us.]

[...I understand. However, why is the party at the otherworld...?]

Hearing Paul's words, Tiana's smile widened and replied.

[Aa, behind the door to the otherworld was a place called otherworld dining hall... a place to eat otherworld sweets.]

[...Ha?]

Hearing those words, Paul showed a befuddled face again.

The next day, the door to otherworld opened with a bell sound.

[Welcome! Tiana-sama, we have prepared the mille crepe you ordered.]

[Umu. We have thought that We would visit in 7 days after the reservation, but it was just barely more than expected, so it is good it was not futile.]

As soon as they entered the door, a chaotic apostle with queer shape appeared and exchanged words with Tiana.

[...We are invited due to Tiana-sama's courtesy this time. Do not embarrass me.]

Paul suddenly said so to his company that showed tension and hostility toward the apostle of abominable chaos, after his quick advice, Paul looked over the otherworld he visited for the first time.

(...I sense a strong sign of fire and slight sign of darkness. It's almost like a sacred ground...)

His sharp dragon's eyes with vertical iris captured the power of the goddesses that filled the place and found what Tiana had said.

(The legless Lucia and Katarina of White, huh...)

Among the great priests in the continent, there were two great priestesses who were known for their strong power and strength of their faith.

Lucia seemed to have finished eating and smiled at a boy who seemed to be a human

priest that was elected as the “husband” of Lamia tribe.

Katarina seemed to be alone and was waiting for her ordered food.

(I see, this will usually cause a disturbance.)

In the morning, he had been informed that fighting was strictly forbidden in the otherworld, but now he had witnessed the real thing.

Paul had heard that the place where the two priestesses of flame and light had fought was turned into an inhabitable wasteland.

If such people fought here, they couldn't be stopped.

And he had also felt the signs of those who he was not sure whether they were comparable to a great priest or not, just like Tiana, but they likely had considerable ability.

As a great priest, Paul understood that he would be killed if he caused a disturbance.

[Well then, please wait a bit as we cut it.]

That said, the chaotic apostle retreated to the back.

[This way, Paul-dono.]

[Aa... let us proceed.]

Tiana prompted him, and Paul along with his aides descended on a huge table that was tailored for humans.

[What kinds of crepes are ordered today?]

[Aa, since we are welcoming Paul-dono and his company today, Her Majesty the queen had ordered a special crepe.]

[What is that?]

[I do not know. However, it is a special confectionary for auspicious event. It was something heard from Victoria-dono...]

Paul's ears caught the faeries' conversation.

Their appearances were full of expectation and felt festive.

[Paul-sama...]



[What, since we are being welcomed, it would be rude not to accept it. You should also enjoy it.]

Paul was not familiar with the manners of the Northern Continent, let alone the manners of another world.

He had no idea what kind of thing would come out.

(Perhaps it's a sweet confectionary.)

Yesterday, the meals served by the faeries were flower nectar and flower seeds, both were sweet.

From that point of view, it was most likely that the feast the faeries preferred would be sweet.

While thinking such, the human male that seemed to be the owner of the restaurant came bringing the dish.

[Thank you for waiting. Here's your reserved order of whole mille crepe cake.]

Together with those words, the faeries dispersed from the center of the table.

The owner then placed the dish on the empty spot.

(What is that? It's gigantic, is it an omelet?)

That was Paul's first impression.

A huge round mountain with the colour of egg.

Something was painted a little on the top, and it seemed to be shining due to the white light falling from the ceiling.

[Well then, I'll cut it now.]

After putting it down gently, he grasped a gigantic silver knife and cut it apart.

(If I cut it apart as usual, it wouldn't look delicious...)

He steeled his nerves and cut it into thin pieces.

A half, a quarter, an eighth, a sixteenth... he cut it until it's unlikely it wouldn't fall apart

if he cut it further, so he stopped there and placed down the small plates that Aletta brought.

[Hou... this mille crepe is beautifully made.]

[Crepes that are decorated with various fruits are beautiful, but this mille crepe with its layers is also beautiful.]

[Is that all skin and cream... what does it taste like?]

The faeries talked about the mille crepe slices that were being placed on the plates.

(What is that... it's a confectionary?)

Paul was stunned seeing the first otherworld sweet he had ever seen, which was completely different from any sweets he knew.

The contents of the mille crepe, after the mountain was sliced apart, were pale yellow and white.

The two layers were folded over again and again.

The white and yellow layers were tightly and equally overlapped without distortion at the same width, the result was so beautiful that it's too good to eat.

[Well then, please enjoy.]

The owner retreated to the back while feeling pleased with his accomplishment.

[Well then, let us partake... as this feast is for Our guests, let them eat first.]

After Tiana declared so dignifiedly, the faeries immediately separated from Paul and his company, and those who were already gathering flew away.

And the faeries who obtained pardon from their queen gathered towards their "trophy" and cut it apart.

[Paul-sama...]

[This is Tiana-dono's kindness. Let us be grateful.]

In response to his words, his wife gently approached the mille crepe.

She tore off the top of the overlapping layers with her hands and handed it to Paul.

[Then, Paul-sama shall eat first. Others wouldn't start before you.]

[Aa, I see.]

From the bare brown hands stained white with cream, Paul received the mille crepe.

(Hou... the top seems to be painted with fruits boiled in sugar.)

His keen sense of smell that he trained as a great priest identified the paint on top of the mille crepe.

Fresh fruit, which was strongly acidic, was boiled in sugar obtained from other races.

Even a small quantity could give strength to live, and because it had good preservation, it was preferred by the Liliputs who did not cultivate huge corns or if there was no priest to hunt wild beast.

Paul also ate it back when he was a child with no power.

He thought such thing and tried the mille crepe he grasped.

[...This is delicious.]

He reflexively said such words.

The inside was firmly sweet, the jam was sweet and sour, the egg coloured skin was moist and the cream was not overwhelmingly sweet.

The top layer of the mille crepe contained all of the flavours and they mixed in his mouth.

The jam and cream softly melted in his mouth. And the skin sandwiched between the two layers crumbled apart.

The taste softly mixed and spread.

He continued and took another bite.

The next one had no jam, just the skin and cream.

However if he tasted it well, he could taste a bit of the sweet and sour flavor of the jam saturated in the skin.

And the cream was stronger now that the ratio between the cream and skin had changed.

The cream with its restrained sweetness and strong taste of milk melted quickly in his mouth and disappeared.

And left plenty of cream aftertaste in his mouth.

(This skin part is also good.)

It was reminiscent of corn flour dissolved in water and then baked which was eaten by many races in his home continent.

But it was completely different from what was supposed to be food for poor people in the continent.

Perhaps besides flour and water, the yellow colour was because eggs were added.

Not only that, since it fit well with cream, milk was also added.

(This one, it would be delicious too if eaten with meat and Marmette.)

While thinking so, he enjoyed the splendid confectionary.

And the small piece completely disappeared into his belly.

While Paul was enjoying it, other priests also gathered near the mille crepe and began to eat.

The way they ate reminded Paul of throwing livestock into a group of hungry beasts, the huge mille crepe slices were becoming smaller and smaller.

[Wait, wait, I still want to eat it.]

Feeling a bit panicked, Paul also approached the dish.

Thus, the friendship feast between Faeries and Liliputs continued until they all ate too much.

While holding their troublesome inflated bellies, Tiana and Paul flew back to the Flower Country.

[Well then, were you pleased, Paul-dono?]

[Yes, thank you very much, Tiana-sama.]

Paul replied with a smile to Tiana's smile.

[Is that so... then that is good. We hope to continue Our good relationship in the future.]

Tiana widened her smile hearing his answer.

A pagan believer who came from an unknown land of this spacious world, something that she now knew after he visited.

She didn't really know about them, but it was certain that they were not so bad people.

Yes, just being able to know was good. Tiana felt that way.

[Ha... if you would allow me, may I spread the teachings of the Green Goddess to this land? Of course, I won't insist it]

[Very well. Use this Flower Country as a base to spread the teachings on this continent if you like. We will welcome them, the shrine of the Green Goddess.]

That's why she would accept Paul's offer.

In this way, the small bud-like interaction began.

# Chapter 117

## Carpaccio Again



---

Once in 7 days, that person would use the magic of transference to visit the lake on the other side of the mountain in order to draw the scenery of the lake.

It was a hobby of Henry, a court magician of a small country, that lasted for the last several years.

(Fumu, it's sunny today, I can see better.)

In this lake where a water spirit lived, the calm surface of the lake quietly filled with magical power reflected the blue sky and its white drifting clouds like a polished mirror.

And floating on the middle of the lake... was a black door.



(Umu... what a mysterious sight...)

A strange black door was floating on the center of the lake.

He could see that the black door was probably a product of magic.

The black door with a picture of a cat-like beast floated on the clear lake surface without anything to support it, and it was not reflected on the lake surface.

Clearly this door that was removed from principle of the world was a secret of the elves that had perished more than a thousand years ago.

The door stuck out like a black hole in the middle of a white and blue world, as if the heaven and the earth were stuck together.

Such a mysterious sight.

When he came to collect the lake's water as a material for a special drug, he was really surprised when he saw this scenery for the first time.

(...What is behind that door...?)

He asked the question that he had repeatedly asked for many times, as he prepared his paints.

Henry was a wandering adventurer, he was also a painter that inherited his magical skill from his father who was also a painter.

His father learned battle magic in order to annihilate his opponents unilaterally, because using a barbaric weapon to fight would hurt his hands.

His father was a 200 years old half-elf that had wandered around the world to see unusual scenes once he was old enough, he was then hired by this country and settled down his roots.

At that time, in the era when the mighty and savage Empire swallowed many parts of the continent like flames, his father who was a renowned magician skilled with battle magic was given preferential treatment.

It was common sense to not employ a half-elf for a nation's government so he was hired as a mere magician, but his opinions were treated like a general's during

important war.

He was bestowed a domestic noble's daughter as a wife, and his human son was thus appointed as a formal court magician as soon as he became an adult.

That's why Henry's father, who had lived a life of travelling for more than a hundred years, decided this place as his last residence almost at the same time as Henry becoming an adult... he died in satisfaction that he was identical to a human's father.

It had been 20 years since his father had passed away.

The Empire had relaxed their momentum ever since their great and savage emperor had passed away, and his moderate and inexperienced son inherited the throne.

After finally swallowing a port town about 10 years ago, the Empire's territory had not expanded at all.

...That was good news for a small country like Henry's, since they were trembling in trepidation that they would be involved in ravages of war.

Right now, it had become known that peace had arrived.

As a court magician, other than exterminating goblins and thieves, he had not used magic in a war situation.

He was concentrating on his other job, a court painter.

(...But still, painting is nice. It is interesting to do this... I see, so this why father wandered around until he's old.)

Thinking that far, Henry realized that he inherited his father's blood.

The work of a court painter was not interesting at all.

Unlike the Principality with its rich history or the prosperous Kingdom, there was no room for art to grow in this country, so the painter's works usually featured the familiar castle's garden, other work than that was to create portraits of the royal family and the prime minister.

It seemed to be a terribly boring job for Henry whose father had travelled around looking for rare sights and created a large quantity of unusual drawings.

While thinking such, the sun had come down from its peak and it was now sunset.

[...It's almost over.]

Henry, who decided to return home before dark, cleaned up his supplies and prepared to go home.

[Okay...]

He made sure everything was cleaned up and used transference magic.

Then on the lake, only the door that was not used that day was left.

It was after a while since Henry noticed such an incident on the door.

(...What? Something is different from how it used to be...)

The first thing he noticed was a sense of discomfort.

The door floating on the middle of the lake looked different from usual.

As if it's master had changed.

(Something is wrong... un? What is that?)

Henry realized the source of his unease. The signboard on the door seemed to be new.

(Are those... words?)

There was something written on the cat's signboard though he couldn't see it due to the distance.

It seemed to be the continent's ordinary language from the shape of the letters, but he couldn't read it from far away.

(...I have to go there, huh.)

Henry's curiosity was tingled and he used the magic of water walking to approach the door for the first time.

When he stood in front of the black door, he read the words on the signboard.

[...It's a restaurant...]

Otherworld restaurant Nekoya.

It was definitely written on the new signboard.

[So that means... this is the entrance to a restaurant?]

That's what the words on the signboard meant.

But who made the entrance at such a strange place?

While thinking such, Henry causally grasped the brass handle.

The handle turned and Henry unintentionally released the handle.

It was not locked.

(So to say, I can get in...)

Even when he looked at the opposite side of the door, it had the same appearance and the same cat character with its signboard.

He didn't know where it's connected to.

After feeling troubled for a while... Henry grasped the handle again and daringly opened the door.

'Chirinchirin', a bell rang when the door was opened.

As if driven away by the bell sound, Henry went through the door.

When he passed through the door, it was a different world.

(Wha, what is this place!?)

While the door closed, Henry felt a shiver.

The room was filled with a mysterious light that felt different from sunlight or the magical light conjured by a priest of White.

Inside the spacious room, people were eating their meals.

(...De, demon!?)

No, that was not accurate.

There were many humans, elves, dwarves, demons... and monsters gathered and eating.

[Welcome. Customer-san, it's okay. No one here will attack other people.]

When he reflexively tried to cast an aria of magic, he heard a voice from behind and he looked back in surprise.

[Those people might look a bit scary, but they're good people. They're all customers, so please don't fight.]

There was a female with black hair.

The girl with yellowish skin and unique face feature that Henry never saw continued to speak cheerfully with a smile.

[This is the otherworld restaurant called Nekoya, if you don't mind, why don't you eat something?]

The girl who doesn't seem to have any experience in fighting didn't have any fear even in this place where there were a lot of heinous demons.

[...I, I see.]

After hearing the words without any maliciousness, Henry unraveled his tension.

[That's good. Well, let me show you to your seat.]

While Henry was vigilant, he decided to listen for the time being, the woman then professionally guided him to a seat.

...And judging by her facial expression when she showed the seat, she probably did not have any malicious intention when he was seated next to a Lizardman that was larger than the norm.

[...Well, since this is a restaurant of another world, what kind of dishes are there?]

Henry asked the girl, ignoring the Lizardman who was silently eating what seemed to be an egg dish.

[We serve everything. There's meat, vegetables, seafood and confectionaries... what kind of food do you prefer?]

[I see... is there some kind of rare dish that's unique to the otherworld?]

After thinking a little, Henry asked back.

[E? Unique to otherworld?]

[Aa, that's right. A rare dish that can't be found in this world, an unusual food... also, I'm not good with sweets so no confectionaries.]

He nodded and further affirmed.

Henry, who was a nobleman that lived in a small country for a long time, was quite excited about the strange world that he secretly visited for the first time.

That's why he thought that he wanted to try cuisine that could only be eaten at the otherworld.

[Unusual... aa, then how about Carpaccio? It's a dish using raw fish. Surely the other side doesn't eat raw fish right?]

Indeed, the girl proposed a strange dish that went against Henry's common sense.

[...Can fish be eaten raw? I hear that fish that is not properly cooked can cause terrible stomachache.]

Henry was confused.

In Henry's hometown, fishes were found in lakes and rivers. It smelled of mud and was said that it would cause terrible stomachache if not cooked properly, and it was nonexistent at the capital where Henry lived.

[I think it's fine. I have never heard of someone suffering from food poisoning after eating it and it's quite popular. See, Carpaccio is what those children are eating.]

The girl responded after thinking a little and pointed at one table.

...Looking at the customers of the table, Henry frowned.

[...Aren't they monsters? Is it safe for humans to eat?]

The customers the girl pointed at were two girls with wings, from what Henry knew of demons from his work, they were monsters called Sirens.

They lived at the sea and sang songs that invited sailors to their deaths at the sea, he had read that they were savage and dreadful monsters that ate human beings and raw fishes.

[Is that so... well, if you're really worried, it can be dressed in wasabi mayo.]



[Wasabi mayo?]

The girl suggested something after seeing Henry's response.

[Ee, it's a spicy sauce... it has sterilization property, so it can eliminate poison.]

[I see. Then I'll have that.]

He did not know what sterilization was, but it should be okay if the store guaranteed it.

Henry decided to try the Carpaccio dish.

[Yes, thank you very much. Well then, please wait for a moment...]

While saying so, she placed down the glassware filled with water and ice and then went to the back.

(Let's see... hou, this is.)



Henry checked the interior of the restaurant while gulping the cold water with fruit flavor.

At first, he only noticed the dangerous demons, but when he looked around again, he noticed that there were a lot of humans too.

Just like the waitress, the people with yellowish skin were probably people of Western Continent; they wore clothes that he had seen in a book before.

For the people with unusual brown skin, were they the people of Sand Country of Western Continent that excelled in magic?

However some of them were completely different from the people of the Sand Country that he had read in a book before, he could also see people wearing unusual clothes that exposed their arms and legs.

(All these people with different backgrounds... what kind of place is this restaurant?)

He wondered that there were other doors just like the one at the lake, and did they all connect to this place?

While he was thinking such, the previous waitress came back.

[Thank you for waiting. Here is your sea bream Carpaccio with wasabi mayo sauce.]



While saying so, she placed down the fancy and brilliant dish.

[Oo... this is... beautiful.]

Henry who saw the dish unintentionally leaked his honest impression.

The food arranged on top of the pure white plate was beautiful.

The meat of the fish called sea bream was clear transparent white like snow and had pale flower-like skin, the fish slices were then arranged like flower petals.

A grill pattern was drawn on the skin showing that the fish was lightly baked or grilled, and thin green lines were drawn in a grid pattern from above.

Just beside the plate were baked brown round bread and a fragrant brown soup with slices of Oranie floating in it, stimulating his appetite.

[Well then, please enjoy... a, bread and soup are free of charge, but alcohols are charged separately, so please don't hesitate to call.]

After the waitress said so, she went to attend another customer.

After seeing her off, Henry turned his eyes towards the dish.

(Well, how about the taste...)

The view was beautiful enough that it's too good to destroy, however the taste was unknown.

Feeling nervous, he picked up a silver fork and pierced the white fish flesh.

Just like the fish meat's appearance, the surface was lightly roasted.

Unlike cooked fish, the fish meat that was only lightly cooked was still transparent, his fork easily pierced through the meat.

He looked at the fish meat coloured with light green sauce.

Fish... this was the first time he ate a raw one, usually he ate dried fish.

He was anxious about that... he then carried it to his mouth while remembering his expectation.

(Oo, this is... delicious.)

Henry was surprised at the taste.

There was nothing wrong... in fact he found it to be delicious.

There was no fishy smell that he thought would linger in raw fish. It certainly had a unique scent, but it's not unpleasant.

(This... is excellent meat.)

He enjoyed the raw fish texture, which was different from cooked fish.

It was by no means soft; it had texture that pushed against his teeth every time he chewed.

However it was not tough enough that he couldn't chew it, it could be easily chewed apart with just a bit of strength.

Every time he chewed, the umami contained in the fish slices overflowed.

The sauce that coloured the meat was also good. The sauce seemed to contain vinegar and eggs and its slightly sour and egg flavors seemed to further draw the taste of the fish.

(Also, this sauce... ugh!?)

Suddenly a stinging sensation hit his nose while he was enjoying the flavor.

A strong stimulation as if a myriad of needles were stabbing his nostrils.

While his eyes watered, Henry panicked and drank his water.

(What is this... is this what she called as wasabi?)

After wiping his tears, Henry looked at the dish in front of him.

The stimulus was felt from the green sauce.

(This is...)

The fish meat, it was delicious.

However, he thought that the cause of the stimulation that assaulted his nose was the wasabi... he then ate another slice.

Since he was prepared this time, he was not surprised anymore, but the sensation still hit his nose.

Rather than spicy, it was painful.

[Is this fine to eat... oh right. There are alcohols here.]

While eating, he remembered.

It was painful just to eat the meat alone. It seemed to be a good idea to drink in between the slices to eliminate the pain.

[Excuse me! I want alcohol, but what kinds are served here!?!]

While he called the waitress loudly, she then came and answered him.

[We have plenty of varieties. There are beers, wines, and then sake... since this Carpaccio uses white fish... I recommend wine or sake.]

[I'll order both... and another serving of Carpaccio.]

[Yes, please wait a moment.]

The fish meat was delicious... he also admitted that the wasabi mayo sauce was also delicious.

Hearing Henry's orders, the waitress answered with a smile.

Early afternoon.

While being drenched, Henry arrived at the shore of the lake and sighed in relief.

(Such negligence...)

Even though he didn't drink enough to be drunk, Henry who was enjoying his Carpaccio and alcohol at the restaurant dropped to the lake the moment he stepped out of the door.

He had forgotten that he would appear at the same place as the door's location.

Since his magic of water walking had long dissipated, at the moment he stepped out of the door, Henry fell into the lake.

[...If I remember correctly, there are shoes left behind by father that enables a person to walk on water.]

He muttered so.

He looked forward for seven days later.

# Chapter 118

## Jerky



---

It happened during daytime business hours.

[Cus, customer-san! You forgot something!]

After the customer had finished their meal, paid the bill and on the way out, Saki noticed a large bag that was placed on the floor near the customer's table and hurriedly called the customer.

[A!? That...]

Hearing Saki's words, the dog-eared customer with a satisfied face turned around, but since that person had passed through the door, the door closed after showing a glimpse of the customer's face that looked as if there's something that person wanted

to say.

[Oops...]

Saki reflexively said so.

Customers could only come to the otherworld dining hall once a week during Saturdays, so until the door reappeared, they couldn't come.

Of course, the shortest time forgotten things could be returned was a week later. But...

[...It's raw isn't it? This.]

She picked up the heavy rough hemp bag that was made over there. It's just an estimation, but it seemed to be over 1 kg. It's just a little bit, but it smelled of blood.

She opened the bag and peeked inside to check the content.

[...It's meat isn't it?]

It seemed to be a large lump wrapped with leafs.

It looked like a pink flesh.

[Ou, what's wrong? What happened?]

The owner who noticed that Saki was looking at an unknown bag instead of cleaning the table came over after he passed a finished dish to Aletta.

And to the owner who came, Saki explained the situation.

[Oji-san, what should I do? It's a customer's forgotten item, but it looks raw.]

She didn't know what kind of meat this was... but it's raw.

It would be a bad idea just to leave it at the dining area at least.

[What... for the time being, let's put it in the refrigerator.]

The owner also noticed it and decided to temporarily store it in the refrigerator.

That night.

[This meat... what should be done to it?]



The owner who took out the baggage from the refrigerator and took out the content pondered his mind on what to do about it.

As expected, the content was meat.

A pink lump of meat with not fat.

He did not know what kind of animal meat this was, but he estimated that it was a breast meat.

[...This, I've never seen this kind of meat before.]

However, even after regularly purchasing various kinds of ingredients from Thomas, the owner didn't recognize this meat.

When he thought about it, the customer who was the owner of this meat had brown skin, so this unusual meat may only be available in a place distant from the Kingdom where Thomas lived.

[Well, what should I do...]

The owner was confused by the unknown meat.

The customer who had forgotten it could only come to retrieve it back next week at the soonest. Considering that it's raw, it wouldn't last even in the refrigerator.

[Since it's meat, maybe we can just store it in the freezer?]

[No, this is a big meat. Even if it's fine to just store it in the freezer until the customer comes back, the frozen meat has to be eaten at once at the other side.]

The owner shook his head after hearing Saki's suggestion.

[Is that so? What about those women with long ears who bought a lot of puddings, grilled rice balls and so on?]



Hearing the owner's words, Saki tilted her head and asked back.

She heard that the tribal person bought 3 extra-large omurice for his family, but did those women bought for their families as well?



[No, well, I don't know about it well, but it seems that they store it with magic that prevents the food from decaying. I don't know about the other side, but usually such magic is rare.]

To such words, the owner recalled the stories he heard from the old sorcerer who was a regular from the beginning of otherworld dining hall.

Though it's usually not for food, it seemed that there's a magic that prevented things from decaying even after hundreds of years.

However, it's quite an advanced magic, so it seemed that only a handful of magicians had the required skill, or they were elves who were excellent magicians.

...The customer who bought the pudding was the former case while the customer who bought the grilled rice balls was the later; that was what the magician said.

[Etto... that's right. I have never heard of a magic that prevents food from decaying.

Before, Sarah told me that there are magic items left behind by the elves, but it was so expensive that I was surprised by the price.]

Aletta who began to know a little bit of magic after she worked for Sarah nodded her head and affirmed it.

She learned from Sarah who knew various things as an adventurer and from Shia who was a daughter of a business dealing with magic items.

Now she knew that the various things in otherworld dining hall were not magic items.

[But what to do with this...]

Then, they thought about the lump of meat in front of them.

He knew the customer who forgot this. She was a customer with brown skin and ears and tails like that of a cat or dog that always ordered Spanish omelet.

She would come again next week based from her frequency of visitation so far, but she did not seem to be familiar with magic.

It would be fine to store it at the restaurant until his next visit, but if that's the case, then there would be a problem when he took it home.

[...Maybe we can make it into jerky. It would be better than letting it rot.]

Thinking that, the owner drew a conclusion.

He did not think it would be a good idea to modify a customer's forgotten item, but it's a raw meat and it could only be retrieved next week.

There's no choice but to process it so that it could be preserved even over there.

[...Can you do it?]

[Aa. My grandfather said that it was inexcusable for a person who was skillful at cooking to not try making it at least once. I also tried to make it several times before.]

The owner nodded and answered Saki's question.

Yes, his predecessor was a man who said so.

From his childhood, there were memories of them making various kinds of dishes that were usually not served at home or restaurants during Sundays and public holidays.

The results were very delicious and sometimes there were some dishes that would

unexpectedly be included into the menu or served as daily special, those were good memories and it was better compared to buying the results.

[Hee...]

Looking at the owner's spontaneously smiling face as he said so, Saki knew that it was an important memory for him.

[Maa, it's possible to make it in a week, it's been a while since I smoke something, but let's try.]

The owner who remembered such showed his motivation.

Certainly the jerky that his grandfather made was excellent, and he had tried making it using various types of meats.

There would surely be a recipe that matched the meat in front of them.

[Aa, what should I do...]

Adelia remembered the incident seven days ago and hesitated before entering otherworld dining hall.

The meat was that of a flying dragon which appeared in the town and Adelia defeated.

Its appearance was similar to the Goddesses but it had no intelligence though it did possess dragon breath, it had ferocious attitude and it's difficult for those who couldn't fly to fight it, the flying dragon was called a fake dragon and was a monster to be feared.

Therefor Adelia slayed the flying dragon by using her dragon wings, tails, claws and legs gained by the power of Goddess.

Flying dragon was a nasty beast, but its body was exceedingly useful.

Its scales were harder than iron, the leather could be made into exceedingly durable cloak, the bones and tendons could be manufactured into strong bows...

The flying dragon fell down to the ground after Adelia crushed its head and brain

during their aerial battle; it was then dismantled and distributed to the citizens of the city.

And at that time, rather than handing an armor made from the flying dragon to Adelia who was stronger than it, she was given a huge portion of its meat.

Adelia was a therianthrope, she did not dislike meat, but there were limits.

If the meat was strongly salted, the amount was so much that even if she shared with her family, Adelia who lived alone in the mountain would have to eat it endlessly.

She was worried on how to use it... Adelia remembered a few “friends” and she decided to share it.

...It was such a fatal mistake that she was only reminded just after she was cheered by the cooking and left the door as usual.

A human that she got to know a little bit said that the owner would continue to keep customers’ “forgotten things” for many years.

If it wasn’t recognized as a gift, he wouldn’t embezzle it.

However, the unprocessed flying dragon meat was perishable.

...There’s no way it’s edible after 7 days.

[...But I have to say it properly.]

She resolved her mind, and opened the door.

‘Chirinchirin’, she passed through the door with its usual resounding noise and was greeted by the chaotic apostle waitress, Aletta immediately noticed her and was surprised.

[Welcome... a, Adelia-san! ...Ano, a moment please? Master told me to inform him as soon as you came. It’s about your forgotten item...]

[Un, that’s fine... ano, I’m sorry. I have troubled you, that...]

To Aletta's words, Adelia answered with a smile though her eyebrows were lowered due to her worry.

Since she left it carelessly without any explanation, she wondered if it was treated as a forgotten article.

[Etto... yes. So, master made it into preserved food for storage purpose, so he would like you to take it back.]

But the words that Aletta said surprised Adelia.

[...Preserved food? So it's dried?]

Adelia tilted her head.

She knew that there were other dishes other than her beloved Spanish omelet, but she had never heard of preserved food.

[Yes. It's similar to dried food... since we can't afford to let customers eat something strange, I tried it and it was very tasty... let me show you to your seat.]

[Is that so... a.]

Apparently the meat she brought was not wasted.

Aletta's words stroke her heart, she wanted to eat it as it was with everyone in the restaurant.

Before answering, Aletta called the owner.

And soon the owner came out.

He brought a bag containing the preserved food that Aletta said earlier.

[No, I'm sorry.]

[As one would expect, I can't return raw meat to you...]

[No, no! Such... the thing is, I got a lot of meat in my hands, since I can't eat it all I thought about sharing it to you... but I forgot to tell you that before...]

[Oh? So that's how it is...]

Hearing Adelia's words, the owner's heart was also stroked.

Although it was a good idea, he had cooked a customer's forgotten item without



permission. One couldn't argue if it was said that it was a problem.

[However... this thing is made for you, what should we do?]

There's no problem with the taste... that's what he thought. He ate a little to taste test it, but the taste was good.

However, he thought that it was impolite not to return something in a whole condition.

[No, it was something I was going to give anyway, please eat it.]

Adelia affirmed it and the owner's face loosened into a smile.

[...U~n, well then. Since I got a rare thing, what should I do with it?]

A bit troubled, the owner told Adelia his conclusion.

Since the entire thing was originally a present, it was also a matter of concern that he made something out of an article that he intended to return.

So he made a proposal considering that part.

[Ee? That's fine... since it's originally a gift for you anyway...]

[...Maa, to tell you the truth, I also made it for eating here.]

To Adelia that was still refraining, the owner further explained.

[Anyway, that was the first time I used such a meat to make jerky so I want people to try it and tell their impressions.

Aletta... my employee told me that it was delicious, but it might not be suitable for others, could you give it a try?]

[...Okay, if you say so...]

Hearing the owner's words, Adelia considered that it would be impolite to refuse anymore and nodded.

[That's good. I'll bring it after your meal, so, what would you like to order?]

The owner listened to her order with a smile.

[A, well then... the usual.]

[Yes, please wait a moment.]

She ordered her usual Spanish omelet and Adelia enjoyed her meal.



...After she received her “souvenir” packed in a beautiful box, it was afternoon.

The next day.

Inside her simple hut, Adelia was curious about yesterday’s souvenir.

[This... what is this supposed to be?]

The souvenir bag was a mysterious material that she had never seen before.

It was transparent enough that it was see through, bound by a string, and it could be closed perfectly without using glue.

(The owner said that it can be opened if I pull the upper part sideways and can be closed if I pull the string loop.)

Inside the bag, she could see brown dried meat.

(Dried meat...)



Dried meat was made by scraping meat thinly and completely draining it from moisture.

It was made from the flying dragon meat that Adelia had forgotten.

The flesh that was originally meaty pink was seasoned and became brown just like the beast's skin.

If she looked closely, she could see red spots with spicy flavor.

She brought it close to her nose to smell it, it smelled like Togaran and contained the smell of fruit called Galeo which was commonly used in dishes of otherworld.

Her keen sense of smell could identify the scents that were mixed in.

However, there was another strange smell different from those. In the restaurant, the same smell drifted from some dishes.

(I'm certain... this is the same smell from the bottle on the table... right? It's certainly shoyu.)

With the smell, Adelia judged what kind of dried meat was in front of her.

She heard from the owner before that it was a flavouring used to season the dishes.

It had strong saltiness, she remembered it from the restaurant's cuisine.

(...First of all, let's eat it.)

The meat itself was the meat of false dragon meat, but the seasonings were unknown.

However, she didn't think that the owner who cooked wonderful and delicious food

would serve strange things.

She decided and Adelia took a piece of jerky... she took a bite.

(...Un. It's salty.)

The first thing she tasted was its strong saltiness.

Shoyu's saltiness which was different from salt and spices covered the surface and inside of the meat.

It mixed with the spiciness of Togaran and fragrance of Galeo, which made it an unfamiliar combination for Adelia.

(...A, but it might be delicious.)

Then, as she chewed the jerky with the strong jaws of therianthrope, the taste gradually changed.

Its moisture had been completely dried; the hard and dry meat absorbed the moisture in her mouth as she chewed, so the taste of the meat came out.

If anything, the fatty false dragon meat was somewhat tasteless.

However, it gradually changed as the tasteless meat was mixed with the strong seasoning.

A strange flavor that made her want to chew it forever, she then swallowed it.

If she was asked if she was satisfied, then her answer was no.

After the meat was swallowed, the taste of jerky would gradually disappear from her mouth.

It felt lonely, so Adelia inadvertently took another piece of jerky and threw it into her mouth.

Once it disappeared, the taste would come back again.

And Adelia silently repeated again.

[...A, there's no more... how disappointing.]

When she noticed it, the bag that was supposed to be full of jerky was now empty.

When she stroked her stomach, it certainly felt satisfied.

She felt that she had enjoyed enough, but she still thought that it's insufficient.

[Let's take another souvenir next time.]

There's no opportunity to fight another false dragon.

So if she was fortunate enough to fight another one, this time she would pay the restaurant to make another jerky.

Adelia softly decided that.



# Chapter 119

## Mocha Chocolate Parfait



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—What is it? This guy.

Two decades ago, after surviving the battle against the four heroes (monsters), the “Demon Beast King” Altina, who was the last demon king of this continent, was puzzled.

[Let me tell you straight away. I want you to swear vassalage to me and become my retainer. We do not want to die yet with you.]

The warrior, the magician and the priest were brought together, and the words of the young man still resounded.

[Oi, you, we won't listen to the words of a human!]

[Demon King-sama, let's kill these guys!]

[You guys! Be prepared to die!]

To those words that sounded too arrogant, her hot-blooded subordinates were riled up and rose up in a blink of eye.

Her demonic beasts (pets) which noticed that their master was made fun of also stood ready.

[...Stop.]

However, Altina who was intrigued by their mysterious attitudes instantly stopped her men who were ready to kill.

She gazed at the humans with a sharp glint in her eyes that made even her subordinates and demonic beasts tremble in fear.

...Except for the man in front of her.

[...Well then, will you let me know? Why should I accept your offer?]

While her words were dripping with blood thirst, she thought.

Why was this obstinate man "weak"?

The man in front of her, he was weak. No, perhaps as a human, well, he could be considered as strong.



His warrior body was well-toned, and from the way he moved, he was able to wield his sword skillfully.

Even his warrior and magician subordinates also had considerable skills, she could see that this man had considerable skill.

However, they were weak. Their opponent was the demon beast king Altina who had lived for nearly 300 years and could kick about 1,000 knights.

They were nothing compared to the heroes who slaughtered her demonic beasts (pets) and underlings one by one even when there were only four of them and had prepared themselves even for their deaths.

[Umu. First of all, this city is mine.]

The weak man spun his words without being frightened of Altina's blood thirst.

[Twenty years ago, you killed the king ruling this capital city and his family... but two of them survived. My mother Adelheid and I.

And my mother died when I was very young. In other words, the only legitimate successor who has the right to inherit the throne is I. Therefore, I am the king of this country.]

So what.

Altina was more confused by the fact that it did not have much significance.

She had nothing to do with the survivor of a country destroyed by the demons that called himself king, but there's no way she would just give away the capital city that was obtained with great pains.

[In other words, if I were to return the capital city to you as the king of the country, you would admit to losing and be sworn in as a vassal.]

[...So? Why should I comply with that?]

It was not an act of intimidation, but of a doubt. It was not only her that thought that it was foolish to respond accordingly.

[I myself do not think that I can easily do it, so I left my will in my hometown.]

She guessed that the man also knew. So he prepared his trump card.

[If I were to die, people will avenge me. The ones that will avenge me are not just this city and this nation... yes, I have requested to aid of the Kingdom, the Principality and the shrines of the six goddesses as well.

Maa, even if it's called preparation of vengeance, it also doubles as subjugation. They will do anything in order to try to kill the "last demon king", even if it means reducing this capital city into ashes and any other sacrifices.]

[...I see.]

Altina finally notice this man's intention. It was a threat.

If she were to kill this man, the army of the Kingdom and the Principality, as well as the priests of the temples who greatly detested the demons would attack the city.

[But why, why do you ask for vassalage? Why do you not cry in those countries and let them snatch away this country from me?]

[That won't do. It would be like me obtaining a bloody wreckage of land that had its delicious juice sucked out.]

Then, he looked straight at Altina and said it.

[Demon Beast King Altina. The humans of this world fear and extoll your "strength". But I value and praise your "wisdom".]

Rather than uniting with humans, he would like to join hands with the demon king. That was the motive he thought about.

[Before I met you, I was surprised by this country. While the people of this country had high prices, there was strict supervision of crime. Though some people grumbled that newcomers were put in fixed matches at the arena.

...It's like the people of human country making idle complaints when things are turning well. This is a country ruled by a pretty capable king.]

Indeed, the woman in front of him was a demon. She was probably one of the strongest demons in this continent.

However... it would be foolish to just describe her as strong, that's a fact.

[If you accept my offer, I shall give this capital city to you. It would be best if you govern it as you are doing now. If you like, I can lend you some human civil officials.]

If she was ruling the country by force and making it into a demon-dominated hell like what people of other countries said, then he wouldn't be able to talk to her.

However, if she could rule the country with wisdom instead of strength, then there was a better way to kill.

[However, it's not for free. I'll have you work hard. From now on from your country, men who can fight... aa no, in demon race's case, does gender really matter? I'll accept people that can fight.]

In other words, most of the citizens of this country were demons.

[Actually, I have many enemies. Although I am the legitimate heir of the throne, many people thought that it was unsatisfactory to become vassals and amassed a lot of "rebels". I will conquer them.

However, it can't be helped that the soldiers under my command are weak. I can protect the land I'm ruling by transporting food provisions and weapons to the battlefields, but more than that is impossible.

Since farmers have to work, I have to be careful not to let them die or get injured, and they are too weak to fight the army of rebels in the first place. That's why I thought about it.

In exchange of vassalage, I can obtain the best army that can suppress the "rebels" even if it's during the off-season for agriculture.]

[...Is that us?]

She understood. It was true that the majority of humans were bad at fighting with the exception of knights and mercenaries.

[Maa, that's it. For ordinary people, being sent to fight in a war arbitrarily by the ruling class is regarded as a punishment or a slave's job...]

[...Aa, unlike humans, demons love to fight. It's even more so if we can just fight without thinking about obtaining meals or where to rob from.]

Altina unexpectedly laughed. It would be a terrible pleasure for them.

20 years ago, ever since the Demon God was defeated by the heroes, the demons had been weakened, but they had not lost their will to fight yet.

Mad warriors who finds the worth of living only in fighting itself was a dime in dozen that could be tossed away.

[...Very well, I'll be your vassal, I swear it.]

[Demon King-sama!?!]

After a glance towards her subordinates that hardened due to surprise, she looked at the man... and his group in front of her.

[However, it's only a formality. I shall decide my own rule as I please. Can you protect me as my lord so that foreign armies do not come to his city?

Maa, do not worry. If it's good, I shall send many hot-blooded mad warriors (idiots) to the battlefield.]

She did not intend to be below someone. This is an alliance.

Even if this country was "a country ruled by the demon king", there was no longer a justification to attack "a country ruled by its legitimate human king".

Altina was not stupid enough to not know it.

[Aa, I understand.]

Hou, and the man breathed out.

Finally, it was all in place. Now that the preparations with the demons completed, he could defeat the rebels.

As soon as it was finished, the man stood up and declared.

[Thou, Altina. I, Wilhelm, acknowledge you and your descendants as vassals that serve the "Empire" and I give you this city and its surroundings as your territory. From now on, devote your loyalty to my Empire.]

[...I accept.]

Thus, one country was born. That was 50 years ago.

Early afternoon in the Demon Capital, in an office furnished with luxurious furniture, a young lady was engrossed in work that day.

[...Well then Demon King-sama, your afternoon work today is done. Thank you for your hard work.]

After the work was finished, the human civil officers bowed down while holding a large amount of documents she had looked through and signed just some moments ago before they exited, Lastina then sat down on her office chair and relaxed.

[Demon King-sama, huh...]

She unintentionally restrained herself.

Lastina was the demon king. As the head of the Empire's best aristocrat family, she was the king that governed the demons... that's what she was supposed to say.

Lastina was a demon. But she was not just any demon.

She was the only descendent of the great demon king Altina. Thus, she was a demon king.

[...I'm not strong enough to be called a demon king.]

When she was young, she dreamt of being able to fly, but her wings were only strong enough to become folding fans, making her mood worsen even further.

By nature, demons did not care about blood lines. They received their divine protections from the Demon God.

The divine protections bestowed by the Demon God were very fickle. The child of a parent with strong divine protection could have a weak one, while the child of a parent with weak divine protection could have a strong one.

Therefore, in essence, the title of the demon king was not inherited from one's parent, but it was something that a person recognized and admitted.

...Among many demons, a lot of demon kings that were feared by the humans were actually "self-proclaimed demon kings".

However, the daughter of the demon king Altina, someone born with tremendous magical power, had many demonic beast subordinates, and feared and extolled by people... the “weakest king” Lastina was different.

In the future, for the Lastina who was arranged to be the next demon king, the whim of the Demon God was not gentle.

Though it was unusual, Lastina had the same divine protection as Altina. She grew horns, wings and tail.

However, their strength was much weaker than Altina’s.

Altina had magical power that far exceeded even the elves, her magical attack was comparable to the dragon’s breath, and her healing magic was comparable to that of a high priest’s.

Compared to Altina’s 7 prominent horns that looked like a crown, Lastina’s 2 horns were so meager that they were almost covered by her hair bangs.

Her magical power was only above an average human magician.

Unlike Altina’s long whip-like tail that could even slice iron, Lastina’s tail which length did not even reach her knees could only generate the force of a child’s power when swung.

Unlike Altina’s huge wings, which allowed her to freely fly in the sky and overlook the battlefield, Lastina had small bat wings that couldn’t even make her float no matter how desperately she flapped her wings.

Lastina was taught martial arts and magic by her mother directly, the technique to tame demonic beasts that was the reason why Altina was called the demon beast king, even though she was compatible with it, Lionel who was undefeated in the arena of Demonic Capital was much stronger than her and more suitable to be the demon king.

It was obvious that she was the weakest among the great demons that were referred

as demon kings. Hence her title as the weakest king Lastina.

As one would expect, no one would directly say it to her face, but the title was well-known in the city.

[...I'll go back home. Even just a little, I have to train.]

Lastina who thought that it would become even more painful if she thought about it any further mumbled to herself to change the mood.

Three years had passed since she succeeded the title of demon king. Although she had finally understood her office work, her strength as a demon had not grown much.

On the contrary, she had been so busy with her work that she had neglected her training, and her skills seemed to have fallen.

She was “too weak” to call herself a demon king, that’s what she thought.

[Fal, I’m returning to my room at once. I don’t need help changing my clothes.]

That was why Lastina was secretly determined.

As a demon, she would try to ascertain the identity of that mysterious existence.

[Certainly, Demon King-sama.]

Lastina stood up, telling so to her maid who was chosen as her escort since she possessed the eyes of Medusa which was capable of stopping the movement of people that had seen them immediately.

...Waiting for her, was a premonition of an encounter.

That was a strange existence.

[...Otherworld restaurant Nekoya. Really, what is this?]

The signboard on the door was written with the letters of Eastern Continent language. The well-maintained black door had a picture of a cat on it.

It appeared suddenly inside the clothing closet of her bedroom this morning.

(...Certainly, I have heard about the magic of transference of the old elves, is this it?)



According to the information she obtained as the greatest noble family of the continent, it was one of the magic of lost legend that the great magician Artorius who was one of the four heroes had resurrected.

She had heard that some of his disciples that had received his teachings directly could utilize magic of transference and could cross the Eastern and Western Continents in an instant.

(But why is it here in the Demonic Capital...)

That's what she didn't know. The reason why such a magic appeared in the palace of Demonic Capital... and why it had the signboard of a restaurant.

[...First of all, I understand that I can't understand it no matter how much I think about it.]

There was only one thing to do.

Lastina resolved her mind, she then opened the door.

'Chirinchirin', the door opened with the sound of bell.

And beyond that... the place that was literally written on the sign spread.

The strangely bright room on the other side of the room was wrapped in the noise of late afternoon.

(This place... it's like a bar of Demonic Capital.)

She looked around to determine the situation.

In this place, there were humans, dwarves, half-elves, halflings... demons and monsters.

Various races with no sense of unity gathered, enjoying unfamiliar food and drinks.

While she could see combinations that would kill each other if they met normally, there was no conflict between each other.

It was reminiscent of the tavern of Demonic Capital where demons gathered, as their appearances differed due to the capricious nature of their divine protections, that she

had visited with her mother before.

(However, I never heard of such place at the Demonic Capital.)

But there were monsters and not just demons in the place, no such place existed at the city.

If there was such a place, there was no way such information wouldn't enter her ears since she was the demon king.

Then it was when she tried to explore the place further.

[...Are you possibly Lastina-sama?]

Her breath got caught when she heard a familiar voice.

[Adelheid... Your Highness? Why are you here!?!]

There, it was her master that she had only met rarely... Adelheid, the beloved daughter of the emperor.

The two times they met was when Lastina went to the Imperial Capital to greet the emperor during his enthronement ceremony back when she was young, they had played together back then, and the next one was when Lastina went to the Imperial Capital to report her inauguration to the emperor, there was no mistaking her appearance.

She thought that she became even more beautiful than she remembered, but she certainly recognized that surprised expression.

[I am the demon king... after I inherited my title, I heard you being treated for your illness... why are you here?]

Surely, as soon as she became the demon king, she remembered hearing that the princess was sent to the villa to recuperate from the Poor Killer.

Lastina couldn't understand why she was in this dubious place behind the door.

[Of course, in order to eat parfait here... it is my ojii-sama's guidance.]

Hearing Adelheid's reply, Lastina unintentionally burst into laughter.

(Aa, that's right, Her Highness is like this.)

Indeed. This person she had met twice before was like this, she was estranged from

common sense... she did not care about minor details like her being a demon.

While the Empire coexisted with the demons, there was still distance of making humans and demons equal from Lastina's point of view.

[If you do not mind, why not join us? Today Sharif-sama and Lana-sama are not here so I'm feeling lonely.]

(Sharif, Lana... the prince and princess of Western Continent?)

Indeed, while thinking that the royalties of the country at Western Continent where there was only sand dessert and recently started to increase their exchanges with the Empire had the same names, Lastina sat down on the soft chair.

[Ano, welcome! This is your first visit right? Are you by chance Adelheid-sama's acquaintance?]

As soon as she sat on the chair, a girl who seemed to be the waitress approached and said so to Lastina.

The girl seemed to be a demon, she could see her small horns that look like a goat's.

[Yes... ano, what is this place?]

Lastina asked the girl, feeling a little relieved seeing her own race in this mysterious place.

Perhaps she was a child that was born to a wealthy household of the Empire, she looked cleaned up even though her divine protection seemed to be weak.

If she could serve in such a strange place, she should know the circumstances very well.

[Yes, this is the otherworld dining hall. We serve various types of cuisines and they are all delicious!]

The girl proudly responded about the restaurant.

[Cui, cuisine...? No, indeed the signboard is written so...]

Come to think about it, the words "otherworld restaurant Nekoya" was written on the door. In other words, this place was certainly a restaurant, one that served dishes of otherworld.

[Would you like something to eat? First time customers often do not bring any money,

so it's okay to pay next time.]

[Ee. Since you have come to otherworld restaurant, would you like to try the parfait, Lastina-sama?]

Hearing the girl's words, Adelheid encouraged her.

[Haa. Well, sorry to trouble you... I shall partake.]

It would be impolite to decline. Thinking that, Lastina nodded.

[I see. If I'm not wrong... Lastina-sama is not particular with fruits, isn't that so?]

After the talk had settled, Adelheid remembered her distant memories about when they both played together as children for about a month.

Certainly, Lastina didn't like fruits and vegetables very much.

In the dinner where the mother and daughter pair were invited, she ate a lot of meat dishes and the dishes made using fruits and vegetables ordered from various parts of the Empire were hardly touched.

On the other hand, her mother who had similar face to Lastina but had bigger horns, wings and tail was a person that ate fruits and vegetables very much and almost did not touch any meat dishes that were served on the dining table.

[Ee... I like sweet things, but fruits are a little...]

Lastina who responded while feeling embarrassed still did not like fruits.

She's already an adult and could eat them if necessary, but she didn't want to eat anything she didn't like.

...When she was young, her mother would abandon her work and fly out of the palace on a whim, she then would try to feed Lastina ripe fruits that she had obtained somewhere, but that was now a nostalgic memory.

[If so... then how about Kaffa? I remember that Sharif-sama said that he had presented it to Lastina-sama who is the current demon king and it was received positively.]

[Kaffa... ee. That was delicious. It was difficult to procure in the market, but recently a lot of people living in the city including me had taken a liking to it.]

This time, she nodded.

The pitch black tea of the Western Continent was brought into the Empire a while ago and it had appeared in Demonic Capital a year ago.

When it was boiled, it had extraordinary strong flavor and when plenty of expensive white sugar was added to sweeten it, it would soak into her tired body when she drank after she finished her work.

Even when she was feeling tired, her mind became clear. That's why she bought it at regular interval now.

[...Then, that looks good.]

After listening to Lastina's answer, Adelheid decided on which confectionary to recommend.

—Because the otherworld was abundant with sweets, she must think carefully on what to recommend.

It was something she learned from the aristocrat magician with long ears that ate meals together with her sometimes.

[Aletta-san, I wish to order one mocha chocolate parfait for her please. Please bring me the chocolate parfait I ordered earlier too.]

[Yes! It will take a while to serve both of them, is that okay?]

[Ee. Thank you very much. We'll wait for it... by the way, how are you here Lastina-sama?]

She called out to Aletta, added an additional order and then finally noticed it.

[E? That, a dubious door suddenly appeared in the palace.]

[Maa! How lucky!]

[...Eh?]

Seeing the reaction of Adelheid who went at her own pace as usual, Lastina waited for her next words.

[The door is whimsical, no one knows where a new one will appear next. I have heard

so. Just like grandfather, he built the villa at the location of the door's appearance since once a door appears, it will always appear in the same place afterwards...]

[So that's how it is...]

That reminded her that there was a villa in a remote place somewhere far away from the Imperial Capital where Wilhelm-sama spent his later years, apparently the door appeared there too.

At least, seeing the situation of Adelheid who seemed to be visiting this place frequently, there was no danger.

As soon as she realized it, a weight seemed to be relieved from Lastina's shoulders.

[Maa, it seems that there is no need to deal with it specifically.]

[Ee. I can also meet Lastina-sama for the first time in a long while; I think it's a good thing.]

[...Me too.]

Lastina unconsciously smiled after seeing Adelheid's cheerful smile.

[...Lastina-sama is finally smiling, that's good.]

[E?]

[When you came here, you seemed to be vigilant and your body was tense.

What happened, Lastina-sama?

If you do not mind, could you tell me while we wait for our parfaits? Ever since I moved to the villa, I lack ordinary chats.]

After saying so, Adelheid closed her mouth and looked straight at Lastina.

[...As a matter of fact, I'm feeling troubled lately. I've been wondering if I'm suitable to be the demon king. I am also thinking on whether I should give up my title and pass it over to a more powerful demon.]

As if encouraged by the gaze, Lastina revealed her troubles that she was unable to reveal in the demon palace.

Not only herself, surely other demons were also thinking so.

[Is that so? Previously, otou-sama said that he felt reassured that Lastina-sama was

the one who became the demon king, you know?]

[His Majesty said so?]

However, Adelheid's reaction was so unexpected that she was amazed by it.

The emperor... he was a person with accomplished parents, though it had been many years since she last saw him, he was a person that she respected.

She had no idea that he thought so.

[Ee. It was around the time Lastina-sama came for audience. I also thought that Lastina-sama is very intelligent when Altina-sama brought you with her. You are wise. If it's you, surely the Demonic Capital is governed well.]

[...Intelligent, is it?]

Aa, she reflexively sighed.

Certainly Lastina's intelligence was above usual. She could memorize well, she did her office work smoothly, and her negotiation skill was also good.

From young age, she helped Altina drafting plans and strategies for invasions as the next demon king, and ever since Lastina became the demon king, she emphasized trading with human partners, increased the tax revenue and the population of the Demon Capital had also increased.

And when her mother's lifespan had reached its end, she who was lying on her bed said that she could leave the Demon Capital in Lastina's skillful hands.

[However, me as the demon king, that... unfortunately... I am too weak to be called one.]

But that did not make up for her weakness that was fatal as a member of the demon race.

She would certainly think on whether she had the qualification to become the demon king with the useless feeble divine protection she received from the Demon God.

[Ara? Is there something wrong with being weak?]

[Yes?]

That's why Adelheid's words surprised Lastina.



What was she saying, that's what she thought.

Whether she knew that she surprised Lastina or not, Adelheid continued to speak.

[I hardly know how to fight. Not just the sword, I can't even use a dagger properly and I am unable to use magic. Even so, I can function properly as the imperial princess and my father, who was only able to wield the sword to a certain degree, was the emperor.

I think it is a good thing to be strong even if they're royalty like Sharif-sama, but I am not sure if it is necessary to be strong.]

[...Is that okay?]

Those words were explained clearly.

However, she did not know the reason.

As a ruler, Lastina was familiar with human's society.

In case of humans, it was common sense that even the king who led the country was basically not very strong.

However, she was a demon, the demon king. She was not sure if it's allowed for her.

[I do not understand. If you're weak, then don't you only need not to go to the battlefield? My ojii-sama also said so. Leave the battles to the strong ones.

It is the job of those who is positioned above to arrange the preparations so that those skillful in fighting can fight well, and to give them commands in the battlefield. It is already a losing battle when the general have to fight directly.]

Adelheid did not understand. But at least her ojii-sama... the greatest emperor of the Empire did not find much value in strength.

On the battlefield, he thought that those who could move their soldiers well could win even if they themselves were weak.

[Besides, he also said it. Making the country prosper is far more difficult than winning in battles. And a king who can make the country flourish is very valuable.]

[...Is, that so.]

Adelheid's words pierced her.

Those words might only because humans did not see strength as the supreme value.

However, accepting those words seemed to be much better than lamenting the fact that she was born weak.

[...That is so.]

That's why Lastina laughed and nodded.

[...That's good. You finally laughed.]

Facing her, Adelheid deepened her smile.

Even if she could eat a delicious parfait at the otherworld dining hall, a smiling face was still the best.

She had learned that here.

[Thank you for waiting! I brought your parfaits.]



While the two people were smiling, their orders came.

Thus, the girls' tea party began.

(Well, this is... it's not black, it's brown in colour.)

This was the first time she saw this kind of dessert that was placed in front of her.

(It's well made, and the arrangement is very elaborate... this is scorched, right?)

Feeling dubious, she knitted her eyebrows.

Numerous unidentified confectionaries were overflowing from the beautiful and well-shaped glass.

It had layers upon layers, and it certainly looked as if it's a special dish made by a professional artisan.

If the white thing was decorated with pieces of fruits just like the one placed in front of Adelheid, it would certainly look like a piece of art.

However, compared to Adelheid's dish, Lastina's was full of white, black and brown colour, it didn't look delicious at first sight.

On the bottom of the glass cup, something that looked like a black slime was spread over it, above it was something that had the colour of sand, after that was a layer of moist black thing, and on top of it was something brown spread all over it.

On top of it all, something brown and white were mixed together and served with the same white thing as the one served in Adelheid's dish, but something black covered it from above.

The round confectionary that decorated it was not pale wheat in colour, it had colour of brown that looked as if it was scorched considerably, she didn't think that it looked delicious.

Aside from that, it didn't look like a failed work, probably because it was a baked confectionary with clear transparent icing sugar over it that had appropriate baked colour, so perhaps it's not a failure, but it required a bit of courage to eat it to be honest.

[Here you go. I prefer this type of parfait, but yours is also delicious. I think that Lastina-sama will like it.]

However, Adelheid certainly said that the dish was delicious.

(...Maa, because this is a different world, maybe this will be delicious.)

Thinking so, Lastina decided to try.

She picked up the one that looked like a normal confectionary that was placed on the side as garnish with her fingers and then ate it.

(Hou... this is delicious. The sweetness is weak, but it has a light taste.)

Comparatively to its sugar icing, the amount of sugar used was not much so it wasn't that sweet, and its texture when it broke down in her mouth reminded her of a stack of thin baked confectionaries.

It had wheat and buttery flavours, it melted quickly and disappeared from her mouth after it crumbled down.

(...Well, next.)

With her expectation raised after tasting the first baked confectionary, she shifted her attention to the brown lump.

A glossy brown mass lined up beautifully on something that looked soft and white.

It was something that Lastina had no idea about, it probably was a confectionary.

She scooped it up with the white surroundings with her spoon and ate it.

(N. This white thing, I guess it's milk confection. It's kind of sweet... n!?)

The brown thing that melted in her mouth was really delicious, it made her confused.

(It's bitter!? But not just that... it's also sweet!?)

The confection was bitter and sweet.

As far as Lastina knew, bitterness in sweets was not common, usually it was firmly sweet.

However, this confection that softly melted due to the heat of her mouth contained bitterness in its mellow sweetness.

(Bittersweet... I see, it's because of this that Her Highness asked about Kaffa.)

Kaffa itself was bitter and sour, but if she drank it after adding plenty of sugar, it became a bittersweet drink, very taste to drink.

This confectionary reminded her of that a little... it was delicious even though she was skeptical about its appearance.

She instinctively scooped the two remaining confectionaries and ate them.

(...Apparently, this black sauce poured over the white milk confection seems to be similar to the melting candy earlier.)

Then, she realized that the dark brown sauce was of similar shades of brown with the brown mass she ate earlier and noticed it.

The soft white milk confection and the black melted confection with its strong bittersweet taste.

She continued to eat them both at the same time.

(...Oya, now is this light brown thing...?)

As she dug deeper into the dish as she ate, the flavor changed.

It was a bit harder than the previous milk confectionary and this brown milk confection was very cold.

From the flavor, she could discern that it was similar to the white sweet on its above.

(It's bittersweet, just like the black confection, but there's a difference... un? I think I've tasted this before?)

She felt that the milky flavor mixed in the bittersweet confection enhanced its sweetness, but the bitterness itself was different from the black mass she ate earlier.

It was a different taste, something that Lastina had tasted before, and she thought about it.

(Before coming to this restaurant, but just recently...?)

Her spoon did not stop as she thought about it, and this time she ate the burnt fragments.

This sweetness was weak too, and although it was something that's couldn't be thought when eaten alone... but when she soaked it in the melted milk confection before eating it, unexpectedly the taste wasn't inferior.

It was fragrant and crunchy; this texture was not found on other confectionaries used to decorate the top except for the first one she ate.

While enjoying the texture, she saw the next part.

Something that was moist and dark brown almost black in colour.

Although it didn't look delicious at first glance, Lastina who knew that this dish was made from delicious confectionaries no longer hesitated to bring it to her mouth.

When she ate it, it was surprisingly soft.

The moment she tasted it, Lastina realized what she was wondering before.

(I see... this is Kaffa!)

This extraordinarily strong flavor, it was the taste of sweetened Kaffa.

The moist cake that tasted like a cloth saturated with Kaffa was so soft that it could be broken even with her tongue, letting the taste of Kaffa spreading evenly in her mouth.

(I see, so that confection was Kaffa mixed with milk!)

The sand coloured confection tasted just like what Lastina expected.

Kaffa and milk were mixed together, giving the Kaffa a strong milky taste.

She didn't know how it was done, but it was frozen so that it would melt later, it had a gentle taste that tasted different from the cake that had strong Kaffa flavor.

If she changed the proportion so that it included both the black cake and the sand coloured confectionary, she could enjoy slightly different flavors, and both quickly disappeared into her stomach.

(This is the last one... aa, this is hardened Kaffa, isn't it.)

And the thing that looked like black slime on the bottom of the dish had the taste of cold hardened Kaffa.

Like the cake above, not much sugar was added into it resulting in the sweetness to be weak; she didn't think that it was delicious on its own.

However, the two milk confectionaries had melted as she ate, they penetrated into the jet black Kaffa and added sweetness to it.

With the taste of milk added to the strange slippery texture, it became different again.

In this way, Lastina enjoyed the mocha chocolate parfait until it was finished, she then put down her spoon with a sigh.

When she looked, Adelheid seemed to enjoy her dish too and was about to put down her spoon.

Their eyes met and they smiled at each other.

Looking at each other's face, they understood that the other was satisfied with the parfait.

[Can I join you again next time?]

That's why Lastina asked frankly.

[Ee, of course. I will be waiting. Next time I'll introduce you to Victoria-sama, Lana-sama and Sharif-sama.]

Adelheid said so as a matter of course while nodding.

[...Really, I'm glad that I came.]

While watching Adelheid ordering hot Kaffa for both of them, Lastina murmured so while unconsciously flapping her wings and swinging her tail.

A nice chat and a superb confectionary.

She thought that she would never forget this incident.

The weakest king Lastina... the time when she would be proud of her self-styled nickname would come shortly.





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